

BLUSHES

FROM THE HOUSE OF BLUSHES



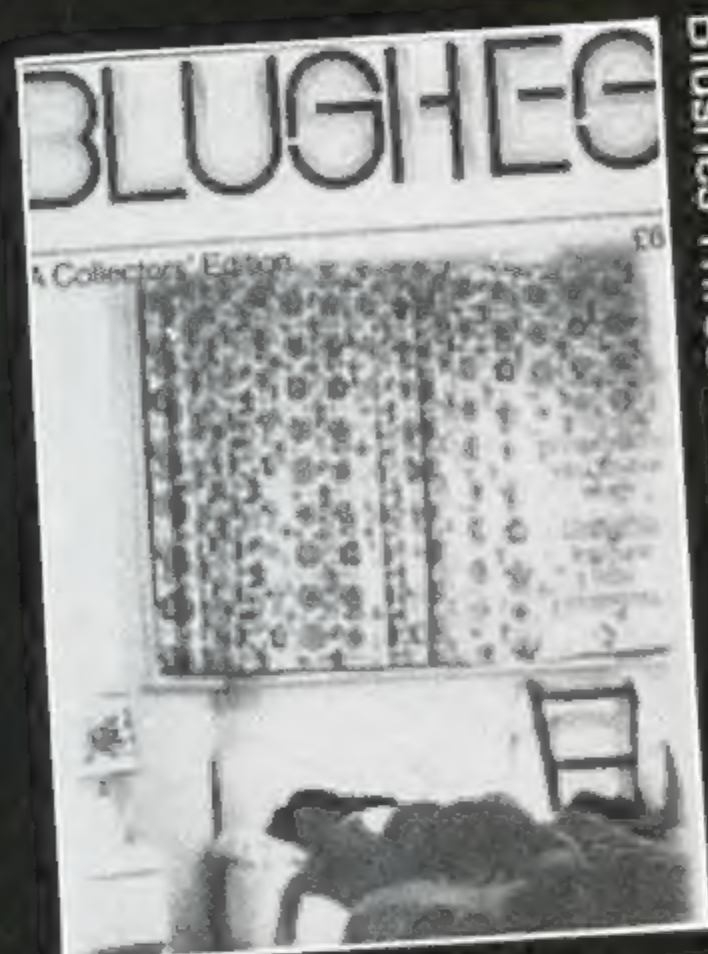
ISSUE NUMBER EIGHTEEN

From a forthcoming story in BLUSHES No. 19

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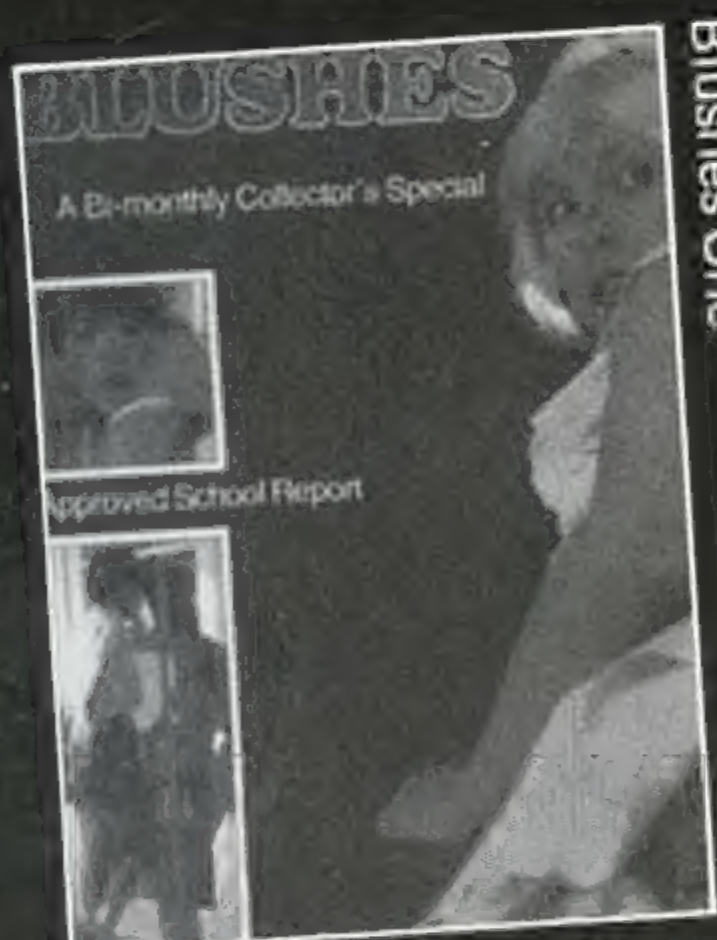
Blushes Three

Domestic discipline and exploitation of vulnerable young ladies.



Blushes Two

Girls Military-style discipline. Tutor's way with naughty teenagers.



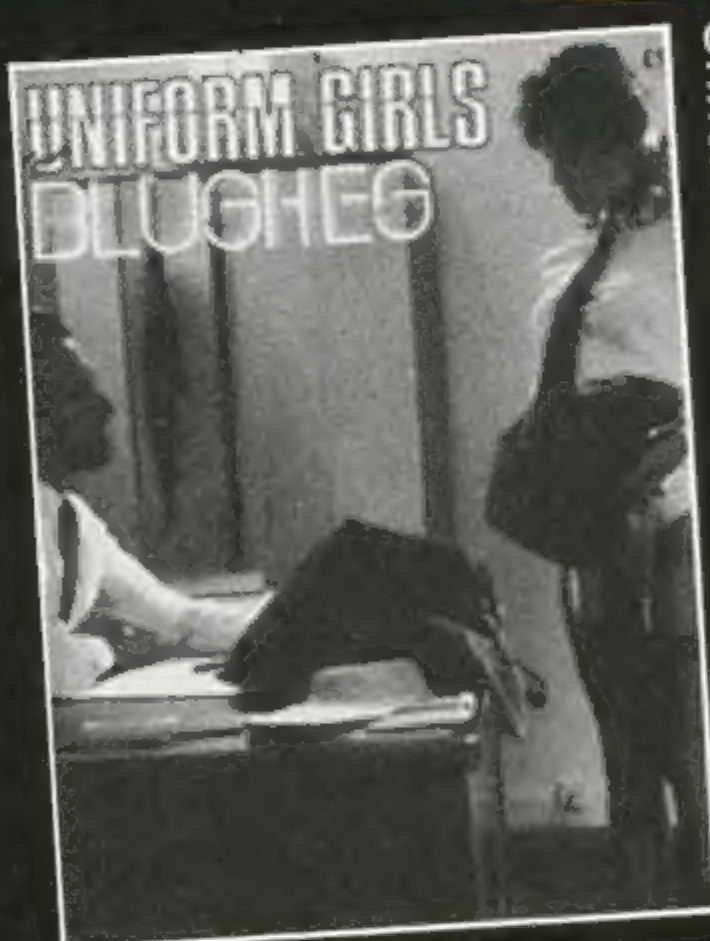
Blushes One

The 1st Blushes with delicious schoolgirls, boarding school punishments in colour

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UNIFORM GIRLS £5



Uniform Girls Three

Maid in trouble, a WRAC in the hands of a superior officer. No salvation for Suzie.



Uniform Girls Two

Victim in the Vestry — a choirgirl spanked. Knickers down after the Match.



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Crisp uniforms with soft, susceptible girl's inside them. A girl bugler, and WRAF.

Feminine domination of the subservient male.



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Humiliation dress. Held hostage. Cornfield encounter.

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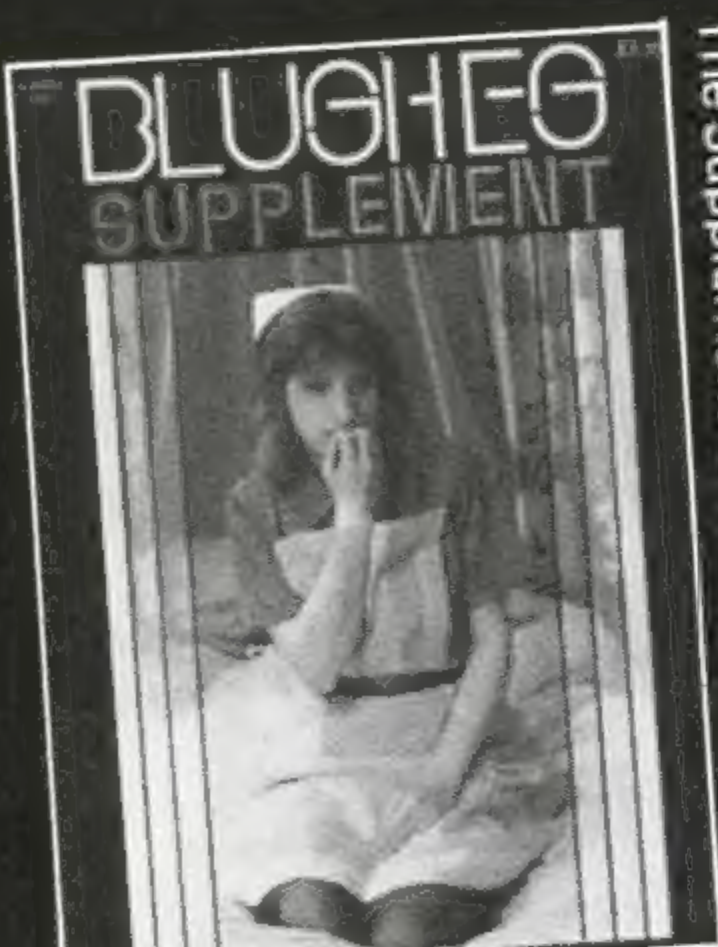
The Supplement Three £4

Home from school, Uniform girl spanked. Caning, strapping. Humiliation!!



The Supplement Two £4

'Whipping Horse' punishment. Canings and spankings at school and at home.



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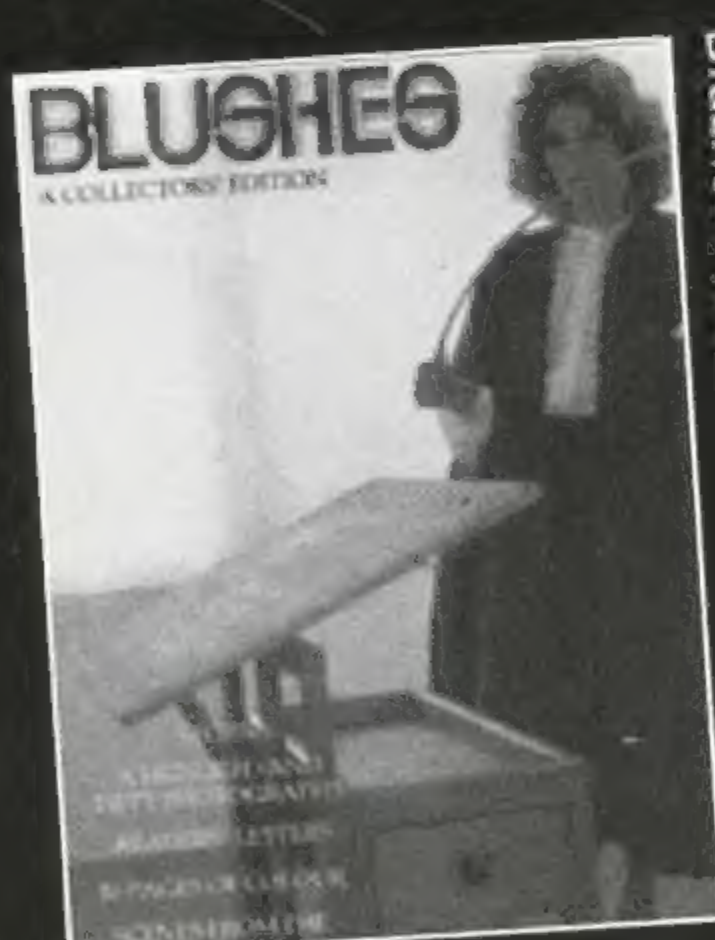
Girls in Germany in 1936. Spankings, canings, fresh and original articles.

93 SEASHOPS



Blushes Six

Valerie fully exposed and comprehensively punished in the usual atmospheric style!



Blushes Five

Teenaged ward spanked in front of a visiting 'uncle'. Two girls underhand!



Blushes Four

Newsround girls whipped, others chastised in domestic service.

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ISSUE 18

BROADWAY PUBLISHING
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UNIFORM GIRLS £5

BLUSHES £6



Blushes Ten

Civil liberties!
Head's secretary loses
her knickers.
More Reich Girls.



The Supplement Ten

Institutional
punishment. Knickers
down in the office.
School play caning.



Blushes Nine

More schoolgirls!
More canings!
More spankings!
More of everything!



The Supplement Nine

Prefect's punishment.
Spanking in the
Orchard. Knickers
down for the boss.



Uniform Girls Six

Nurses, schoolgirls,
a traffic warden and the
school sports captain
punished.



Blushes Thirteen

Student Librarian
brought to book. Girls,
Headmistress and
Mr Martin.



The Supplement Six

Bedroom spanking,
schoolroom caning,
Spanking 'Alfresco'



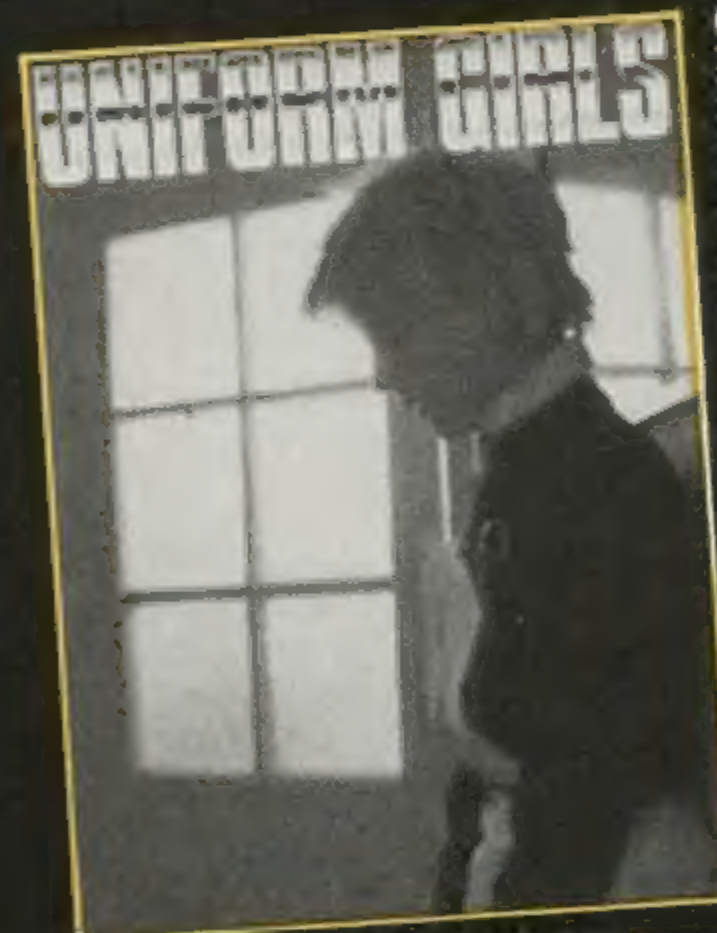
Blushes Eight

Gym lesson caning,
Reich Girl. Bedtime
Punishments and
girls in detention.



The Supplement Eight

Spanked in pyjamas.
Discipline 10 years
hence. Librarian's
punishment.



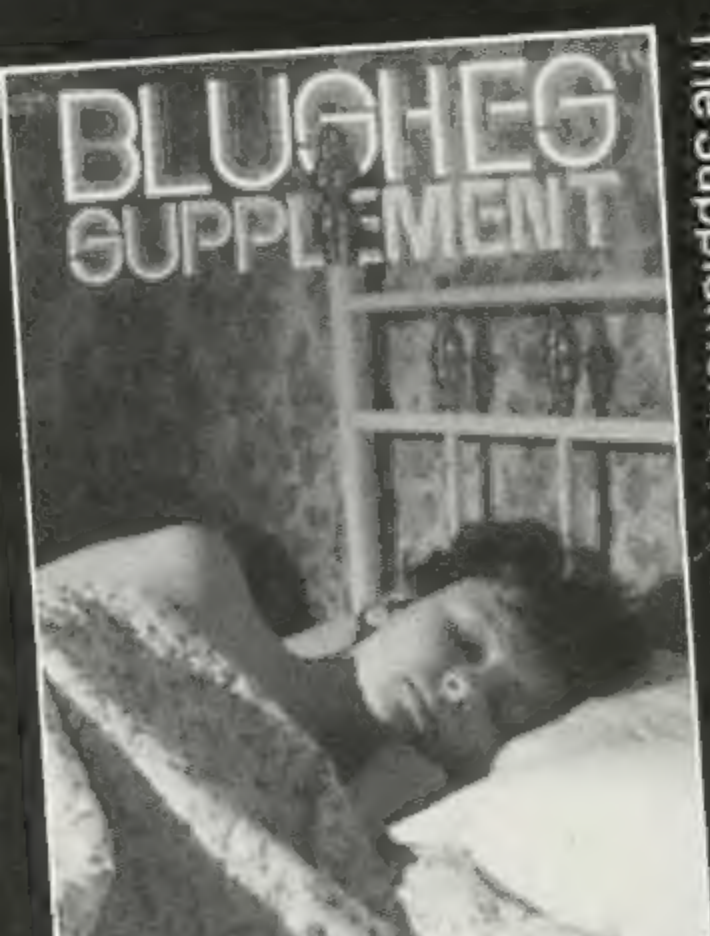
Uniform Girls Five

Convent discipline.
Two nurses, twelve
strokes. Majorette
sticks it out.



Blushes Twelve

Stable girl's spanking,
caned in the Saddle,
Schoolroom spanking
and caning.



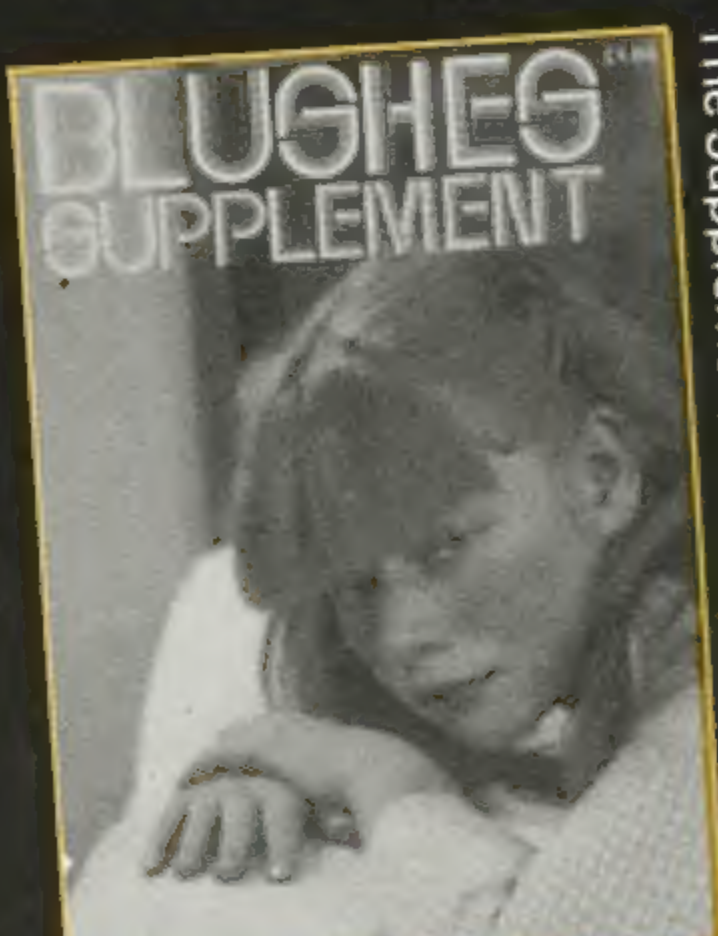
The Supplement Five

A fresh air spanking,
Bathtime humiliation,
Bedroom caning.



Blushes Seven

The Guardians' Club,
canes and piano
lessons. Bedtime
caning and lots more.



The Supplement Seven

Classroom strapping.
Headmistress wields
her cane.
Sixth form spanking.



Uniform Girls Four

Girl guide's Alfresco
spanking. The new
maid. A punishment
room caning.



Blushes Eleven

Never a bottom left
unblushed as knickers
come down in the gym,
study and bedrooms.

By Request

Dear Sir,

I'm writing to say how much I liked the picture of the young lady dressed (or rather undressed) in the nuns habit in Uniform Girls 5. My favourite picture is (yes, you've guessed it!) on page 26, this picture is worth the price of the magazine alone. The only thing that could have improved it would have been colour and perhaps more evident cane marks across that delicious bum.

The reason I like that picture so much is that it gives a good view of the girls cunt (vulva or labial regions if you prefer), this is important, for while there are lots of girlie magazines in which one can see dozens of cunts displayed wide open etc, this is not in the context of corporal punishment and its so nice to see the arse nicely displayed as it waits simply to be thwacked again and again.

If I may make a request, could you arrange to photograph one of your girls in tights or transparent panties including at least one shot of her bent right over legs a little apart so that we can glimpse her pussy through the tights or panties and



maybe pink cane marks too.

Another idea to think over, a girl with a shaved fanny...what about that, I don't recall seeing one in Blushes or your supplements and I've got most of them, so its skirt up, black panties down and over the chair for

twelve strokes with everything on display!

Thanks for a great magazine

London



whats in

In my experience, it was always best to catch the teenagers at it. Most of them were unwordly and more easily scared. Older women, especially married women, very rarely wanted to see it my way. Rather strange that, I've often thought. You'd have reckoned that married women, with their experience, wouldn't have minded so much. But, there it was. They seemed to prefer the public disgrace; the fine; or, if it wasn't the first time, prison even. Well, women are strange creatures I've always said.

What I'm talking about is shop-lifting. Thieving, to put it more bluntly. And, being a Store Detective, I see a lot of it. Mostly women or girls.

The girl who stood in front of my desk, in the office on the top floor, was typical of them. Tartily, rather than smartly, dressed. Bright pink jeans that were like a second skin, some sort of jazzy green top, rings galore as well as big plastic bangles hanging from her ear-lobes. She looked arrogant and saucy. The sort that knew it all. But she looked scared as well. That was comforting. I like them looking scared.

The woman assistant who had caught her at it had left; a big brightly-coloured canvas bag was dumped by the girl's side. It was, as you can imagine, loaded with stolen goodies.

'The first time, is it?' I asked. She said nothing but a provocative lower lip pouted. I waited. Nothing happened.

'Mind if I smoke?' she asked suddenly.

'If you like. Calms the nerves, eh? I guess it isn't the first time then,' I said. Daggers of hate and frustration darted out of her blue-green eyes.

'So what if it isn't?' she almost snarled at me. You'd have thought it was me who'd done wrong!

'Because, if it's the first time, they go easy on you,' I replied evenly. It was best to keep your temper under this sort of situation.

She drew furiously on her cigarette, sat down without been asked and crossed a pair of long limbs aggressively. 'Suppose you're going to call in the Old Bill hen?'

That was satisfying. 'Maybe... maybe not,' I answered, seeing at once the tiny glint of hope in those street-smart eyes of hers.

'You've got a choice?' Slim gold bangles round one wrist tinkled as she moved one arm suddenly. She was looking at me hard, seeming to hold her breath.

'Oh yes...' I replied, as easily as I could. I waited, but she said nothing. 'The Company permits me a very wide

scope of discretion.'

'What you mean by that?' Sullen again now. Beginning to be her natural self. Feeling, perhaps, that things weren't going to be so bad after all.

'It means,' I said, 'that is up to me whether we prosecute officially or not. My decision.' I smiled.

'I see...' she was beginning to look intent; most interested. Calculating suddenly that, one way or another she could get herself off this particular hook. She unfastened the green top she was wearing so that I saw a white blouse underneath...and a nice pair of boobs. Then she moved her haunches in the chair. Obviously she thought she'd got me weighed up. Just another mug in her cock-teasing little life! 'So, what's the deal?' She tried to smile, but it wasn't very genuine.

I tried to make up my mind whether to shock her immediately, or just a little later. Later might be best with this one. 'How many times before?' I asked.

Her lips puckered. 'Twice...' she said.

'Fines, I suppose,' she nodded. 'This time it will be the slammer.' She went a bit pale at that.

'You can't be sure...'

'Don't tell me my business, girl!' I was suddenly sharp. I could see she was getting scared again. Good. 'I know those who run the Courts. Reckon I could get you six months.' I looked down at the laden bag. 'Especially in view of what you've in there. I could see a tray of rings she'd somehow managed to purloin.'

'Alright then. I've been unlucky. This time. So what you going to do?' She was trying to be her old uppity self but I could see she was quaking like a jelly underneath. The one place she didn't want to go was the nick. Time to move in.

'Under certain circumstances,' I said evenly, 'Such as yours, I give thieves an option. Either they can accept the Law's decision — and punishment — or mine.'

'Yours!'

'That's right.' I smiled positively sweetly. 'Many a young woman has expiated her offence in this office. There's no need for fines, or gaol, if you see it my way.'

She glazed over a bit, but seemed vaguely relieved. 'So you want that,' she said. 'To have it away with me?'

I shook my head slowly. 'Not one little bit,' I replied. 'Kids like you don't interest me. My alternative is quicker, cleaner and far simpler.' I opened the top drawer of my desk and took out the cane I kept there. 'It's this across your backside...or I call the

law.'

She gasped loudly, eyes widening. Perfectly normal reactions, 'You... oooh...you're...a...a...kink!'

I smiled appreciatively. 'That's as maybe. What I do is save the Law a lot of time and trouble. In pre-war days there was many a kid got a good hiding down at the station. No one was any the wiser and the kid was all the better for it. It's the same principle.'

She was looking paler. Trying to look indignant, too, but not quite succeeding. I could see she was mulling the whole thing over. She was a tricky one but I guessed she'd see sense in the end.

'How many?' She asked tentatively.

'That was better! 'A dozen,' I said casually — and she gasped. I could see her weighing it up again. Was it worth it? 'Two strokes for every month you don't spend inside.' That made her think. There was a calculating look in her eyes and she glanced at the cane on my desk. It was quite long but fairly thin; nice and swishy. Two from that, she must be saying to herself, **must** be better than a month in prison.

'Alright...' she muttered sullenly, after a long silence. 'But, don't forget I could have you for assault.'

I smiled. 'You wouldn't do that.'

'Why not?'

'First of all, you're going to sign this form — which states that you agree to what is going to happen. Secondly, you wouldn't be so stupid as to get caned and then go to gaol as well, would you?'

She saw the point and fiddled nervously with the piece of paper I had pushed across, with a pen. She half read it then suddenly scrawled her signature. 'Let's get it over with then,' she snapped, standing up. 'Where do you want me?'

'Across my desk, young lady. And I want those jeans off and your knickers down.'

A gasping shriek came from her. 'You dirty devil! I'm not having that.'

'Suit yourself,' I said calmly and picked up my telephone. 'Get me the station' I said. That usually worked.

'Stop!' she almost shrieked. It had worked. 'It..it's indecent. C-can't I keep my knickers on.'

'No. Is that Barnsworth Police Station?' I enquired into the receiver... and her painted nails flashed across and cut off the line. I smiled faintly. 'Alright then?' I said.

'You...you're a filthy s-swine,' she spat out, voice tense.

'And you're a common little thief,' I rejoined. I stood up and picked up the cane. That was always a good moment.

a name

I flexed it. 'Get them off, girl.' With some youngsters I went fairly easy; the ones I felt some sympathy for. But this one had riled me, so I was really going to make her feel it. She turned her back on me and started to undo those pink jeans. It was a bit of a struggle to push them down over a nicely curvaceous bottom. The little knickers were multi-coloured — and very brief. As far as her feeling it was concerned, it wouldn't have made any difference whether they were on or off. But they were coming off. It had become a kind of tradition with me that I only punished on the bare. That added an extra dimension to it all. Sheer humiliation. I wondered how old she was. 18 or 19? She could have been a year either way. Difficult to tell with well-developed youngsters.

'Must I?' she wailed, fingers nervously on thin elastic.

'Yes...' I insisted. 'And get on with it. I haven't got all afternoon.' She seemed the type to be tough with rather than gently persuasive.

With an indignant snort she pushed down the briefs and stepped out of them, displaying to me a most attractively curvaceous bottom. Some young fellow was lucky, I thought. Or maybe, several fellows! 'Bend over the desk,' I ordered crisply, 'and place your hands flat on its top.' She looked at me nervously, biting her lips.

'Not too hard,' she pleaded.

'You leave that to me,' I said. She stretched out; the bottom curved tauter. Her thighs were long and tapering. As far as I was concerned, she had no secrets left — and she must have known it. She was breathing fast and kept raising one knee. I measured her. 'Thief!' I said. Then I gave her a good, hard cut.

Doubtless she had expected it to hurt but not, I fancy, quite as much as it did. She twisted right off the desk and thrashed about on the floor, uttering high-pitched gasps of pain. Both hands were pressed to her bottom but, on either side of them I could see the twin-tracked weal I had raised. As I said, the cane was long and the stroke had curved right round her flank. Painful. 'Get back,' I ordered.

'O-oh...that...w...was too hard.' There were tears of pain in her eyes but a look of fury on her features.

'Better than going inside,' I reminded her. 'That was two weeks's worth.' The look of fury intensified but she knew I was deadly serious and she would have to go through with it if she didn't want to be branded as a criminal. With a groan of despair, she placed herself back over the desk. I measured her once more and gave her

a second hard cut, this time laying it across her from the opposite side so that the tip of the cane curled round the other flank. Once more she went squirming down to the floor uttering those gasping yelps of pain so breathlessly.

I gave her plenty of time to regain some composure for, although I had stated otherwise, I was quite prepared to take all afternoon if need be.

After six such strokes the girl was weeping unrestrainedly and pleading desperately with me to let her off the remainder. 'I...I...mmmfff...mmmff... I'll do anything else...you...w-want,' she said. 'Anything!'

Her meaning was clear. She was offering me her body if I would desist. It was not the first time this had happened — and, in view of her youthful shapeliness, I was sorely tempted. But it would have been folly. She'd signed nothing to the effect she would agree to such intimacy and, more than likely, she'd have accused me of rape. No, it wasn't worth it. Besides, frankly I preferred what I was doing. The girl had called me 'kinky' and she wasn't far off the mark!

'Nothing doing,' I said with finality. 'That backside of yours is here to suffer this afternoon, not get pleasure.'

At that, her hands clawed and for a moment, I thought she might have a go at me. Well, it couldn't have been too pleasant to be turned down by a man more than twice your age!

'B-but...I can't stand any more!' she almost yelled. 'It...it h-hurts so!'

'It's meant to hurt,' I said. 'It's punishment — for a crime. Come on, girl, you'll be surprised what you can stand. You're young and strong.'

'Y-you're a m-monster!'

I ignored this. 'Do you know,' I said, 'In Victorian Reform Schools, girls like you got this sort of thing a couple of times a week. They didn't think they could stand it either, but they did.'

Her hands kept clenching and unclenching. I could see her mind struggling with the problem of whether to go on or chuck the whole thing in and face the consequences. The stupidity of the latter of course, at this stage, finally won the day. Sobbing and shuddering, she once more placed herself over the end of my desk, with her now well-striped bottom curving nicely.

I sawed the slim cane across it and she squealed in dread, the nates clenching convulsively. She was, by

now a bundle of raw nerves. 'Be brave,' I counselled. Then I brought the cane down hard across that bare, quaking flesh.

It took twice as long to give her those second six strokes as it did the first six. After each one, she was more and more reluctant to place herself across the desk. She'd get there somehow, then she twist away, flinching with dread. However, I was very patient. I also insisted she had her bottom square on to me before I gave her the stroke to come. I enjoyed making her do that. This thieving little Madam was really getting her come-uppance that afternoon. I very much doubted if she would be so light fingered in future. Either in our store or any other. So wasn't I doing society a good turn? As well as thoroughly enjoying myself!

At long, long last, the final stroke made its mark. I laid that one on rather harder than those which had preceded it — and the effect was delightfully frenetic in terms of bottom movement. She remained, sobbing incessantly, down on her knees on the carpet, for quite a while. Then I kindly suggested she might like to go into the bathroom — where she would find a cold flannel to press to her burning bottom. She seemed to like the idea of that and, wincing and gasping, got up rather too quickly. Hands still pressing, she more or less tottered from the room.

She was away a long time but when she came back she had repaired the ravages to her face, even if her eyes were still rather red around the edges. 'Well, that's all over then.' I said cheerfully. She was sullen again. 'You will leave the stolen goods behind, of course.' Anger puckered her face. Had she expected she would be allowed to keep them? That the caning was a form of payment? Silly girl.

'So I can go now?'

'Whenever you like...' She gave me a look of urchin venom.

'I shan't forget this!' she spat out. I couldn't help laughing.

'I bet you won't!' I replied. She stamped her foot with rage and those sumptuous breasts under her blouse joggled nicely.

'How do I know if I can trust you?'

'Trust me? In what way?' I asked.

'Not to...to tell the law...after all?'

I smiled encouragingly at her as I dumped the contents of the canvas holdall on to my desk.

'Because, my dear young lady,' I said. 'I don't even know your name, do I?'

A D

WORKS WONDERS

She had been up there before of course, up in Mr Moulton's attic. Just about all the better looking ones had ascended those stairs by the time they got halfway through the Sixth Form. Visits to the attic started when you were in the Sixth because that was when the regulations, the edicts of the governors or whatever it was, stated that you could be smacked. Properly smacked on the bottom, that was, as opposed to the odd slap across the leg or something. The good-looking ones and those with nice well-developed seats would



be hustled up those stairs with Mr Moulton folloing close behind as soon as they got in the Sixth Form.

Mr Moulton of course would say it was merely to get a proper sense of discipline going as soon as possible



— but then he wasn't going to admit that he just liked to get a girl up there and take her knickers down and have a good go at her bottom, was he? Daphne being both pretty and well-built had been up in her very first week in the Sixth.

Bottoms just got the heavy hand treatment at first, but later there was naturally something else, in accordance with your more senior status. That something else was his nasty leather strap. Or, for second offences, he could start with the strap and then finish up with the cane. Those two together, one on top of the other, a Double Decker or DD, the girls called it, was pretty dreadful. It could leave you in such a state that you didn't know what was happening — that at least was what girls who had had it said.

And you could well believe it if you looked at the state of their bottoms afterwards. Very unpleasant. Naturally in this situation girls would desperately try to avoid a DD. Pleading with him.

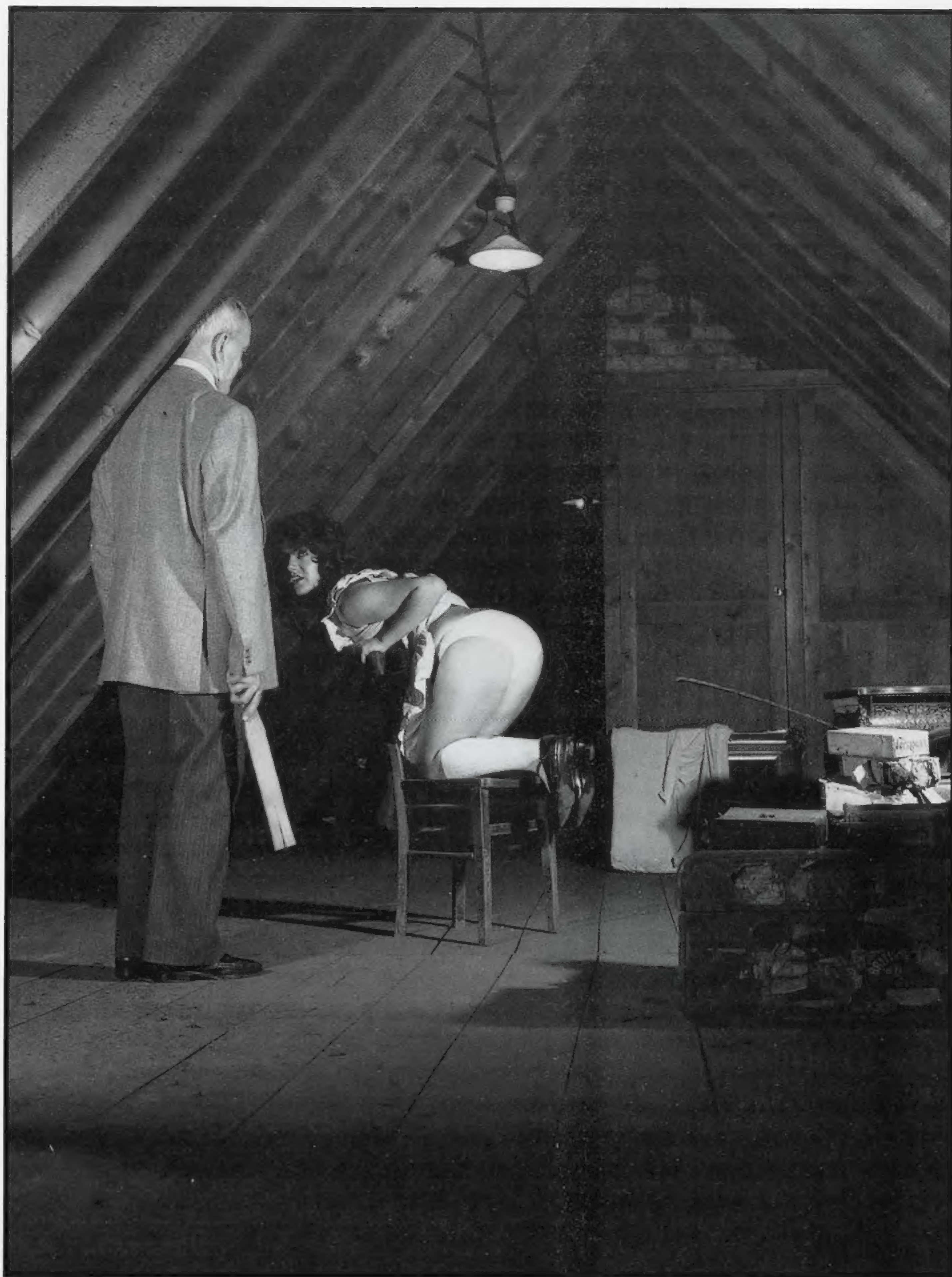
There were differing opinions, though, as to whether Mr Moulton was amenable to pleading. There were rumours that he was but no one seemed to be able to say categorically. Or at least *wouldn't*. This was of more than theoretical interest to Daphne Saunders because on the face of it she *could* be liable for a DD now. She stood shivering in the familiar surroundings. Not that it was cold up there, merely a shivery sort of place. Just because it was Mr Moulton's attic.

It was only her third week in the Lower Sixth but it *was* already her second visit to the attic in those three weeks. 'I think he fancies you,' Susan had said. Monica who was clearly a bit jealous of Daphne because she *was* prettier said spitefully, 'Likes her fat bum, you mean.'

Daphne had given her a punch on the arm, getting in quite a solid blow and that had made her feel a bit better. But it was going to take more than that to get her out of the black mood that the note delivered by one of the juniors had brought on.

Inside the envelope it had said, 'Appointment to see me in Baker House 5pm today. *Be punctual.*'

Everyone knew what that meant. Baker House was the small building over by the pavilion and Baker House contained *the attic*. You went in there, where Mr Moulton held his tutorials, but you didn't go in either of the classrooms. No, upstairs to the second floor and then on up the narrow flight of stairs to the attic. With its single overhead light and various bits and pieces. Including *the chair* of course. Mr Moulton had always dealt with older girls in the attic of Baker House, at least as far



as anyone knew. Susan said perhaps it was something from his childhood. Something psychological.

Susan was interested in stuff like that. Susan as yet hadn't been in the attic to be strapped, though she *had* had her bottom smacked last year in the Fifth — virtually everyone had had that. Susan wasn't one of the girls Mr Moulton was keenest on. Not as good-looking as Daphne or Angela for instance. And not with such a sturdy, full-bottomed figure as Daphne.

The sturdy full-bottomed figure was now trembling in a decidedly nervous manner as Daphne looked dry-mouthed around. Her full bottom in particular was getting very nervous indeed. That strap three weeks ago had been absolute hell, but this time... There was clearly the distinct possibility of the cane as well to follow it. A *Double Decker*.

She hadn't really done anything much — but then if Mr Moulton had his eye on you it didn't take much. That first time he had said her essay wasn't good enough. 'I have seen

worse, Daphne, but on the other hand I am quite sure you are capable of a good deal better. So shall we make sure that message is received loud and clear?'

She was standing at the side of desk and he had patted her bottom. Not that Daphne had been in any doubt as to how he intended to drive his message home. She had said desperately, 'Please Sir, I *will* do better next time. *Please sir.*'

But that abject pleading was not going to cut any ice with Mr Moulton whose main interest was not in Daphne's essay but in getting at her bare bottom.

His hand had clasped firmly round the resilient flesh. 'That's as maybe, my girl. But I shall want to see you after lessons.'

Daphne had to kneel on the chair and take her knickers down. *This* chair now standing mutely in front of her. Kneel on it and bend over the back so that her bare bottom was thrust ripely out. And then that stiff, two-tongued leather strap which he had let her have a good look at



before beginning to sting it mind-zappingly down across her bare bum.

Susan said Mr Moulton was a sadist. Angela said, 'No he just likes getting at girls' bare bottoms.' What was the difference? Daphne shivered again. Any time now there would be that heavy tread as Mr Moulton's bulky frame came up. Feeling herself sweating she went over to where his book and pen were. He wanted you all ready when he came up, with your name and the time and date written neatly in his book.

With heart thumping she looked at the names — and what he had subsequently written against them. It was true, he didn't always give a DD after a girl had had the strap once. Some girls seemed to have got DD's after the first time with the strap but others just went on getting only the strap. One girl she knew, Gillian Burnley, now in the Upper Sixth, had got a DD on her second visit but *after* that it had just been the strap again. There were also

mysterious asterisks against some names. Curiously the asterisks seemed to be where there wasn't a DD.

Did it mean girls could in some way beg him not to use the cane...?

These thoughts were interrupted by the sudden sound of heavy feet on the stairs. *Oh Christ!* In a panic she put the book down and stood, arms at her sides and shaking all over, next to the dreaded chair.

His head appeared round the door frame. If you didn't know what he was like you might think it an amiable, friendly face.

'Not ready, Miss?'

Oh Christ! In her panic she had forgotten. Daphne's hands grabbed her skirt and lifted it. High up above her waist to expose what was underneath. Just brief white knickers — apart from Daphne herself that was. Full, swelling flesh, stretching the knickers drum taut. 'Sorry Sir,' she whispered. Mr Moulton liked you to be ready which meant standing with your dress already up.

'Turn,' he commanded. She

turned to present her back, her bottom, to the advancing figure. The floor boards creaking, then a gasp as he was all at once there, close behind her. His hand at her bottom.

'You know why you're here, Daphne?'

Yes. Or rather she could guess. Mr Digbody, the gardener, had caught her cutting across the hockey pitch after tea which was something you weren't supposed to do although plenty of girls did. Fearful of getting reported Daphne had gone with him into his potting shed and not objected to his wandering hands.

As his hands, his fingers, went where Mr Digbody's hands and fingers liked to go Daphne pleaded with him not to report her. He had strung her along and in her desperation she had let him take her knickers down. Finally when he had finished he had given her the *impression* that he wasn't going to report it. But when that young kid came with Mr Moulton's note Daphne had known, with a thud of her heart, that bloody old Digbody *had*.

Mr Moulton, pinching her bottom, confirmed it. 'Out of bounds on the hockey field, I understand. And a second punishable offence in your first three weeks of term, Daphne. Well, well, well.'

She blinked. The room seemed to be swaying about. First that awful strap...and then...The hand slapped sharply. 'Get up then...and slip down your knickers.'

She got on the chair, kneeling, leaning forward against the back. She felt simply dreadful. It'll soon be over, she tried to tell herself, it won't take long. By this time tomorrow there won't be any pain left. So all she had to do was be brave for a short while. Her hands seemed to have lost all co-ordination. Finally got her thumbs in...and dragged them down. Her bottom bare...Mr Moulton's hand sliding over it briefly...And then...

Gripping the chairback she gritted her teeth as the leather whistled in. A sharp explosion of pain, forcing the gasping breath from her mouth. Hang on, she told herself through the knife-sharp pain as it throbbed and pulsed in her poor bottom. Hang on as that strap hit in again...and again...

Through it all, riding on those desperate waves of pain like in an angry sea, her bottom clenching and jerking, part of her mind, remaining clear and focussed in the midst of it all, said, 'You'll know shortly.' About Double Deckers. The reason. Why some of them got it. And some didn't...

Daphne walked as in a dream. Haltingly down the stairs and then





out along the gravel path. She shook her head. For the moment it was like a dream but no doubt the reality of it would soon hit her. The overwhelming reality. She knew now. About DD's. Daphne gnawed at a full lower lip. Yes she knew now.

And really when he said it and showed her the cane...

Back in Baker House, in the attic, in Mr Moulton's record book the latest entry: *Daphne Saunders, Lower Sixth*. After the date Mr Moulton's sloping hand: *Out of*

bounds [hockey field]. 8 with the strap. And then one of those mysterious asterisks. Mr Moulton, pottering about, tidying up a few things, had a contented, satisfied look on his face. A fat old cat who had got at the cream.

SARAH'S PROBLEM



The door was opened by a girl with a foreign accent, she would be the **au pair**. She took Sarah's coat and showed her into a room and said have a seat, Dr Ritson would not be long. Sarah sat on the chair, though she felt much too nervous to calmly sit and wait. It was Dr Ritson's



private house, not his surgery. She chewed her lower lip. Her friend Alexandra had come to Dr Ritson and said he was OK, he would put you on them and more importantly he wouldn't want to discuss it with your mum first. Sarah squirmed on the chair; her mother would kill her if she knew. But then she would certainly kill her if Sarah found herself pregnant.

Robert had **said** he was going to use something but then afterwards admitted he hadn't. And that was the second time he'd done that even though she'd really gone berserk the first time. 'It's all right,' he said. 'Nothing'll happen,' but that was just being bloody **stupid**. Something **could** happen every time you did it if you weren't on the Pill or something. The fact was that Robert just didn't **care**, all he cared about was his own pleasure and he said it wasn't the same if you used something.

Well that was all right for **him**, what would he do if she got stuck? He wouldn't want to know. Boys his age were all the same, she thought bitterly. Mr Kingbury who she did jobs for at the weekend and some evenings and who had also more or less forced her to do it although she didn't want to, at least he had **used** something.

Sarah looked at the door. Where was this Dr Ritson? She wanted him to come in so she could get the ordeal over with but at the same time she dreaded it. 'He'll want to know all the details of course,' Alex had said, 'and of course he'll want to examine you.' **Bloody Cripes**. But it would be double and triple **Bloody**





Cripes if she was pregnant. Getting fatter in her school uniform and then having to leave like Debbie Middleton when her shape became too obvious. Everyone would **know** of course — just like they had with Debbie. Sarah felt herself sweating. Keep calm, she told herself, none too hopefully.

Where was Dr Ritson? She got up. Slipping off her shoes she went to stand on the scales. It was four days since they had done it, a week and a half since the first time. How long did it take before you got fatter? She was studying the scale when behind her was the sound of the door opening.

'Putting on weight?' he asked jovially. Red-faced, she straightened up.

'Hello,' he said. 'Sorry to keep you waiting: rather busy., Miss Huntley, is it? Sarah?'

She said yes she was and her friend had recommended her. He wasn't all that old and not bad-looking if you liked older men. He wasn't as old as Mr Kingbury for instance who had...**twice**...Dr Ritson was giving her a frank questioning look. She felt herself flushing. 'Well, Sarah, what exactly can we do for you?'

Didn't Dr Ritson **know**? Wasn't that why she was seeing him at his house in the evening and not at his surgery? **Bloody Cripes!** 'Er...well... it...my friend Alex. Alexandra Phillips. She said...I mean you...'

'Contraception?' Dr Ritson said. Sarah said yes.

'How old are you, Sarah?'

'Seventeen. Seventeen and three months actually.'

'And are you having intercourse?'

Flushing afresh Sarah said yes. Then added. 'And that's what I'm worried about. I mean...you know. If I was...my mum'd **kill** me.'

Dr Ritson had a little smile on his face. He seemed to be looking at her tits. Unconsciously Sarah pulled her shoulders back. Mr Kingbury said they were a very good size for a girl of 17 and men didn't like great big floppy ones anyway. 'So you've been a naughty girl, Sarah? And you don't think your mother would approve?'

That was the understatement of the year. 'She'll **kill** me,' Sarah repeated.

Dr Ritson said 'Hmmm'. His hand came round and squeezed her bottom and then he moved round and from behind both hands cupped her tits, squeezing them too. Sarah felt herself trembling. He was a doctor, she told herself, but nonetheless a man's hands squeezing your tits was bound to get you going a bit.

'You seem a nice fit, healthy girl, Sarah.' Dr Ritson was still squeezing



them. 'Is it your boyfriend?'

She said yes. There was no point telling him about Mr Kingbury.

'Full penetration? And with no contraceptive measures?'

Her skin prickled. Full penetration? Yes, it had been that all right. 'Yes,' she said. Dr Ritson let go of her and went to sit on the chair. 'Come here,' he said. 'Let's have a look at you. Lift your skirt up.'

It was only then that Sarah remembered what she had on underneath: the black stockings and suspender belt and ultra-brief knickers. She had come straight to Dr Ritson's from Mr Kingbury and it was what she had worn there. Mr Kingbury was a keen photographer and he gave Sarah two pounds for a modelling session. He had brought her the sexy knickers and the suspender belt in fact. Of course she hadn't told anyone about the photo sessions, not even her friend Alex, and Mr Kingbury had said his pics. were only for his own private collection. But then that old bugger had threatened to send some of them to her mother — if she wouldn't be 'nice' to him. Being 'nice' of course meant doing you know what. And so she had to.

But anyway she had been round to Mr Kingbury's earlier and just hadn't **thought**. Naturally if she had she would have gone home and changed. Into something modest and **demure**, not those things Mr Kingbury had bought.

'Lift your skirt please, Sarah,' Dr Ritson repeated.

Clearly there was not a lot of choice. **Bloody Cripes**. She could feel herself flushing, her face probably red as a **beetroot**.

Sarah, with her skirt held high round her waist, made a gulping sound. She just stopped herself explaining about Mr Kingbury. No, that was **not** a good idea. Dr Ritson was staring at her crotch, at the tiny white knickers. Then he said, 'Turn round.'

The back view of course was as bad as the front. Most of her bum bare. Sarah cringed. It was a full bum, in Sarah's view **too fat**. Then she gave a little squeal. Dr Ritson's hand, on her bare bum, where the brief knickers didn't cover. He pinched, and then gave it a slap, making the full flesh wobble. Sarah's face was burning again.

'Do you know what I think, Miss Sarah Huntley,' came the voice from behind her. 'I think before we go any further we should smack this bottom. The trouble with 17 year old girls nowadays is that they hardly ever get their bottoms smacked. And as a result of this they go round thinking they're all grown up, wearing sexy underwear and doing





things with boys that they certainly shouldn't. When they're not really grown up at all, and what they really need is a good, hard smacked bottom.'

Sarah blinked. She didn't think Dr Ritson's joke was very funny — and everyone knew that at 17 you were grown up. 'Ouch!' she blurted as behind her his hand slapped hard and painfully across a half-bared bottom cheek.

'What d'you think, Miss?'

He wasn't **serious**, was he? Not about spanking her? Then she gave another yelp as his hand splatted in again. 'Hey, that hurts,' she gasped.

'Good; it was meant to. But the spanking I'm going to give you will certainly hurt a good deal more. Come here, over my lap.'

He had hold of her arm and was pulling her down. He **couldn't**. 'No!' she yelped. Dr Ritson stopped for a moment. 'Would you rather I went and had a word with your mother?'

There wasn't any answer to that and Sarah didn't attempt one. This time when he pulled her down she didn't fight it. He pulled her right over so that he had Sarah's plump bum right up over his lap. She was sensitive about her bottom, sure that it **was** too fat although Mr Kingbury said it was a really super one and was always wanting to take photos of her with it sticking out in some position or other. It was sticking up now, she knew, in a quite mortifying manner, with her head right down near the floor. She was draped over his lap just like some little kid rather than a grown up 17 year old. It was absolutely **humiliating**. Dr Ritson's hand fiddling about, having a good grope, and then...**Bloody Cripes...** splatting down like he meant to **kill** her.

She felt quite **sick**, gasping and grunting and groaning, as his vicious hand really knocked the breath out of her. Alex had said nothing about this, that Dr Ritson was a monster or a sadist, or perhaps both. Her bottom very shortly was feeling like a piece of **raw steak**.

Sometime later — it felt like an hour — he stopped and dragged her to her feet. 'How does it feel?' asked monstrous Dr Ritson. Sarah didn't answer; there were real tears in her eyes and if she opened her mouth she might easily start blubbing like a little kid. Dr Ritson anyway didn't seem to need an answer. 'You can do with a bit more yet,' he said. 'And let's take these sexy knickers down this time.'

He did. Yanked them down and then dragged her back over his lap. Having her knickers down didn't make a lot of difference as regards the spanking: They had not, after all, been much protection. The

difference was the **thought**, and the **fact**. Her bottom now **quite bare**. Her plump **fat bum**. Every time Dr Ritson's hard hand splatted in it, it flattened the soft flesh like a jelly or something. The very thought made Sarah squirm with anguish, while at the same time there was the continuing stinging, agonising **pain**.

How long did he keep that up for — another hour? When he finally had finished Sarah felt like she could hardly stand, her legs made of rubber. Remarkably they managed to support her. Dr Ritson, with a horrible grin, stood up. 'Now up on the chair, Sarah. Kneel on it and we'll give you a few more to finish off.' She looked at him but he wasn't joking. Clambering onto the chair seat, it was all Sarah could do not to burst into tears. She had at least thought it was all over.

'Hold on and stick your bottom out.' His hand cracked in again. It was like some kind of nightmare. Maybe he wasn't **ever** going to stop.

The chair-kneeling bit did prove to, finally, be the end though. At the end of it Dr Ritson, with another of those laughs, said, 'Get on the scales. Let's see if we've knocked any weight off you.'

After all that, though, he at least said OK he would have a look at her and if everything seemed OK he would put her on the Pill but really of course she **should** discuss it with her mother, and really **he** should have a word with her mother as well. 'No!' Sarah gasped.

He took her upstairs, to a bedroom. Sarah had to take the skimpy pants off and get on the bed. It was not unlike Mr Kingbury's bedroom, and getting on the bed and pulling up her skirt and opening her legs...

Dr Ritson was a monster and a sadist but also not bad-looking for a man that age. Better than old Kingbury. She felt her heart begin to pound again. After that awful walloping she felt all funny. Dr Ritson, sitting on the bed was looking at her pussy. Sarah closed her eyes. And then it was his hand...

* * * *

'OK?' asked Alex next morning.

'Why didn't you tell me!' Sarah demanded, hotly remembering.

'What?' said Alex. Sarah said, 'You know.'

'Oh that. Well he's not going to do it for nothing, is he?'

Sarah made a face. She still didn't know if she was OK; not yet. She had to go back some more to Dr Ritson. He said twice a week until he could be sure she was in the clear. And he had made it pretty clear that each time she was going to get exactly the same as last night.





SHORT & SHARP



She had been waiting for a long time — all her life it seemed. Yet, in truth, it was only a few weeks.

'When you are old enough,' he had said, as he eased her away.

Now she was old enough. They called it a 'crush' didn't they, when you were crazy in love with your

The stone top of the circular well wall felt warm through her thin white shorts. It was where she came every afternoon. This had been agreed. Would he ever come? There were so

many doubts in life.

'There will be conditions,' he had said. She had not fully understood and did not want to ask too much. In such things, he had said, 'there are rewards. These, by a certain natural order, must be counter-balanced by penalties. This is my philosophy. In physical relations, between the sexes, a female is the submissive. She obeys the male. Deep down, she wishes to. You understand?'

She had felt her chest pulsing and wanted to ask him, but not then. Yet





rate for contact.
Still she waited. Would it
be that afternoon? Next
week? Ever? Perhaps he had

simply dismissed her from
his mind as a naive child. Not
ready.
Yet she was!



Then she heard him foot-
steps on the gravel path. She
dare not turn. Her heart
hammered her whole body

around. This she suddenly
knew, was the end of her
waiting.
'Clare, I promised



'These you will remove. You will do it now, Claire.'

'Oohh!' This was too soon. Surely?

'You disobey me, girl. Already. You will recall, between us, that disobedience must be punished?'

She was hot; then suddenly shivering. Wanting him to master her; yet quaking with fright.

His hands moved with authority. He was gentle but firm. There was nothing but

The glowing within her intensified. 'Ohh...sir...' She was back in the classroom. Ridiculous.

Now she was old enough.

'You remember?'

'Yes...yes...Andrew...'

'Everything? My philosophy? My demands?'

'Yes...yes...' They were facing each other across the ancient well. She was trembling. He came around, slowly and easily, then clasped her flanks.



the thin shorts. Perhaps that was a symbol of her basic desire.

Then she was suddenly quite naked below the waist. She was his; nothing concealed.

'Oh Andrew...'

'I told you — long ago — there must be submission,' he said quietly. 'Obedience'. You do not seem to have accepted that.'

'Yes...oh..yes!' Oh how she longed for him!



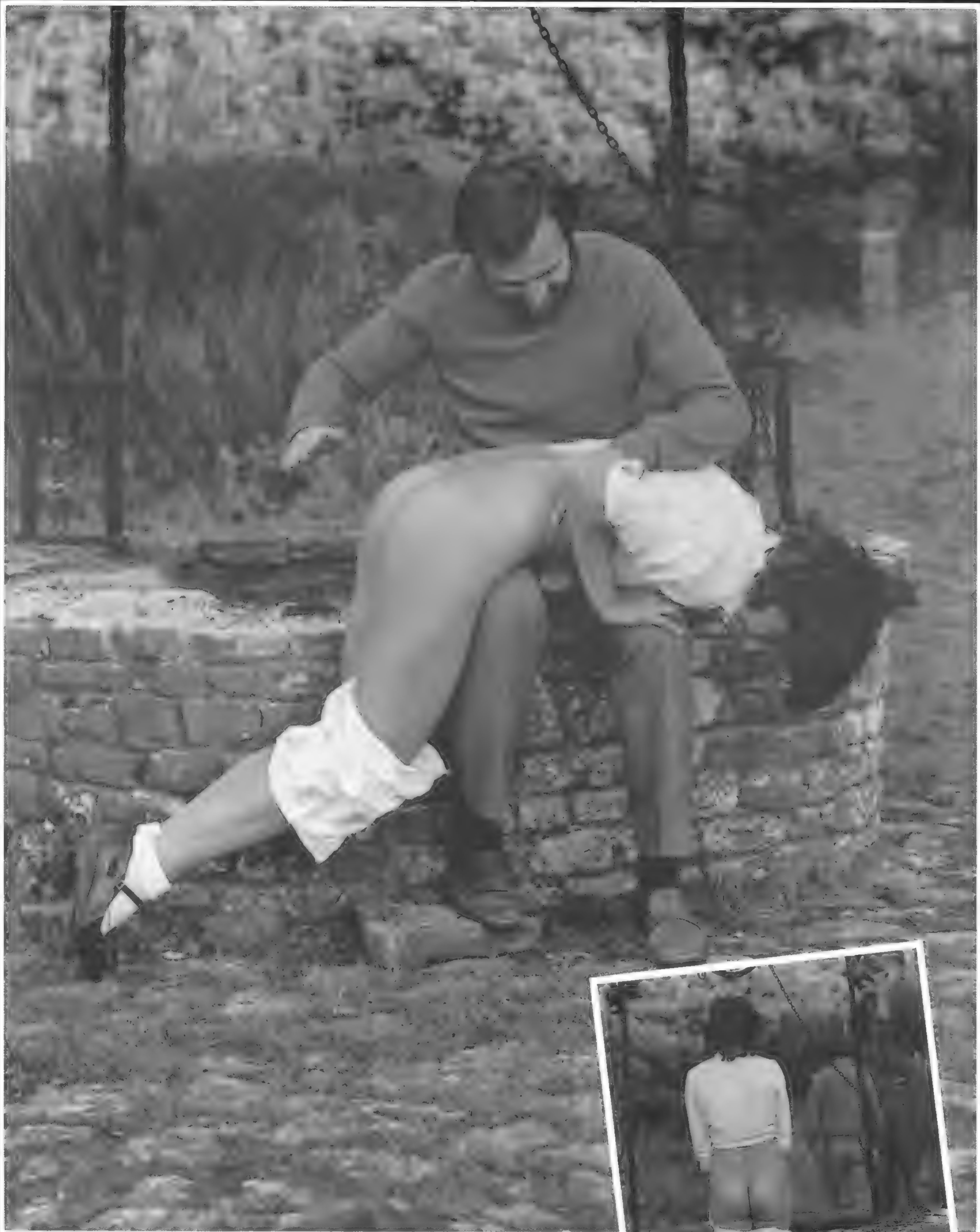
'So now, not this time, there will be no reward. Simply the penalty. I ask again — you remember my philosophy?'

'Yes, I remember...'

Then suddenly, she was over his knees. Her arms were back, her wrists were clasped.

A blaze of pain seared over her bottom flesh as his palm descended. Again and again and again.

She choked on her cries.



She would endure. His philosophy must be the true one. She must demonstrate that. Oh Andrew...my adored!

But...ooohhh...ooohhh... the pain!

This was Master and pupil.

This was the penalty.



One day there would be
the reward.
How long would she have
to wait for that?

Academic Achievement

The mousey head, hair cut short, bowed over the desk; a young brow was wrinkled. It could have been puzzlement or simple frustration. Why did *she* have to be put through this extra tuition week after week? To be precise, two evenings a week? With all that it entailed. It just wasn't fair!

In her secret heart, Valerie knew why, needless to say. It was because her parents had both been academics. Now Aunt Georgina — her legal guardian — had taken over. As her parents had instructed in their will, she was to be trained to the same high levels.

It was not fair. Those intellectual peaks were out of reach for her. Aunt Georgina had always been insistent, however. Not only College, but 'Private Tuition' as well. That was the way!

An obedient girl, who loved her now departed parents, Valerie accepted the regime imposed upon her. Mentally and physically demanding as it was. Still not yet quite 18, and not in control of her small inheritance, there was little else she could do.

Bitter and humiliating as it was.

How was it possible to write an essay about the life of Alexandrians in 100AD? Had her Tutor even ever given her any books on the subject? She couldn't remember. In fact her brain was becoming bemused by the tasks constantly being bestowed upon it. Surely that couldn't be right? Valerie was near to tears. She was well aware that what she had written was futile. Not her fault, but still futile. She also knew the consequences.

Oh it was so *unfair*!

Was it her parents' fault or Aunt Georgina's over reaction to their last wishes? Either way, Valerie knew it was making her life an utter misery. If not to put too fine a point on it, a torment.

Yet, somehow, she told herself, I'll have to go on enduring it, for just a few months longer. Then I'll be free. *Free!* She scarcely dare contemplate the ecstasy of it at that moment.

Mr Bartholomew would be back within under ten minutes.

Valerie's stomach churned. She knew, for sure, what was going to happen. Yet again.

* * * * *

'Well, how have we been getting on, Valerie?' Mr Bartholomew usually started by adopting a jolly, avuncular tone; but, beneath it all, he wasn't in the least bit jolly, as Valerie knew.

'Not very well...I'm afraid, Sir. It's not a subject I'm well up in. Early History, I mean,' she said hopelessly.

'There are plenty of books about,' said Mr

Bartholomew, waving a hand at the loaded shelves. 'You shouldn't just read up on the subjects we are covering at the moment. There's a whole wide world of knowledge waiting between those covers. That's the way to get on.'

Get on...get...on! That's what she was always being told. Oh how she hated it all! 'Th-there's so much...' she began.

'Just bring me your essay,' said Mr Bartholomew, a shade wearily, it seemed. He sat down in his chair and Valerie handed him a sheet of paper. Eyebrows went up. 'Is this all? And you've only done half a page anyway. I do believe you're deliberately perverse, Valerie.'

'No...no, Sir...it's just that I don't know the subject...'

'If, my girl, you had looked carefully at the Course Outline I gave you a few weeks ago, you would have noted that 'Early Egyptian History' was one of the books for recommended reading in your spare time.'

'I...don't get much spare time, Sir.'

'Don't get cheeky with me, Valerie!' All avuncular jollity had now quite disappeared. Mr Bartholomew was looking stern and aggrieved. A little flushed, too. His eyes wandered across to where the cane hung. Should he... possibly?

'Oh no...not that, Sir...please!' cried Valerie, in sudden dread.

No...possibly not. He'd only used it on a couple of occasions. It had to be reserved for something special. This was just a simple slip-up. Still, the girl had to be reminded of the necessity of applying her mind to a greater extent.

'I am sorry to say, Valerie, if you don't show a distinct improvement in your work in the near future, I shall have to use that cane far more frequently.'

'Oh no...*no!*' A kind of panic gripped Valerie. 'I can't do the impossible,' she cried out. 'I can't make my brain do things beyond it!'

'You will be surprised, Valerie,' said Mr Bartholomew, clasping his fingers together, 'how a cane across your bottom can stimulate it to do so!'

'Your aunt has authorised the use of the cane. You know that.'

'Other girls don't get it,' protested Valerie. She was near to tears. Tears of anger and frustration. Fear as well. She knew she was not capable of a great deal of improvement...so it was inevitable she would be caned more frequently.

'You are no ordinary girl, Valerie,' said Mr Bartholomew unctuously. 'You have always been destined for higher things.'

'I don't *want* higher things,' said Valerie sulkily.

'I told you not to be cheeky, Valerie.' The voice was sharp again. He sat up, looking brisk. 'Now, I shall deal



So tell your Tutor to get on with it.'

Thus it was, crimson cheeked, sobbing with shame, her knickers had been pulled down that first time. It had happened many times since — and there was still always the shame of it. Burning shame that was like a pain within her; until that pain was overtaken by the pain of her burning bum cheeks.

Cool air; nakedness from the waist down. He never began at once. It was deliberate, she supposed, to get her more tensed up. She never looked back up at him; she didn't want to see those staring eyes. Gloating eyes, she was sure.

Then came the first slap. Hard across the centre. A pause. Then another. In exactly the same place. Ah...that hurt. The third. Again in the same place. Ohh...that hurt even more. Valerie uttered a gasping little whimper and her bottom twisted involuntarily.

Three hard slaps on each cheek had her kicking and twisting, gasping between clenched teeth. Only three more to go. Valerie gritted her teeth more fiercely. She was determined not to cry out. But the final three quite weakened that resolution for they all fell in precisely the same place as the first three had done. As the final one smacked down resoundingly, a loud yelp of pain was torn



with this latest effort of yours at once. After that, we'll consider the future.' Valerie experienced the customary sickness in the pit of her stomach. It was all going to happen again; as it had done so often before. Did Aunt Georgina really know how often she was spanked? Did she even care? He was patting his thighs, face now even more flushed? Lately, Valerie had begun to wonder whether all this was for her benefit or his. 'Come along, my dear. Let's get it over with. A dozen will suffice, I think.'

Well, that was something, thought Valerie; about the least she ever got.

Over the familiar thighs she went. Beneath her was the familiar pattern of the carpet. Her nails clawed into the pile as she felt her skirt pulled. This was always one of the worst part of it. Almost anyway. At the outset, the very first time, she had begged and pleaded to be allowed to keep her knickers on. Mr Bartholomew had almost laughed. 'My dear girl,' he had said, 'they're made of thick blue serge. They'd take away half the sting. I'm not having that.' Still she had pleaded. Begged to be allowed to talk to her Aunt about it. He had conceded that and she had telephoned. 'Don't be a stupid child,' had come the immediate response — much to Valerie's shocked dismay, 'an effective spanking *must* be given on the bare.



from her. She was furious with herself but simply had been unable to help it. He liked making her yell; she guessed that; so that was why she strove, with all her might and main, not to. She was not successful very often. He knew how to give a good spanking; no doubt about that. Oh how she hated him! And her Aunt. As well as the whole ridiculous academic system she was caught up in.

'You may pull your knickers up, Valerie,' came his voice. Though she pulled them down, it was always she who had to pull them up...and to do so, she had to get off his knees. It wasn't always easy to hide herself as she did so. 'Go back to your desk.'

Back she went, feeling the usual rage and shame at what she had just had to endure. It was absurd at her age. She sat down, feeling the warm glow. Actually, now that it was over, the pain wasn't all that great. In fact, there were times, when that glow was almost pleasant. It gave her feelings inside. All the same, she would well have gone without such feelings if only she could have escaped the spanking itself. That wasn't pleasant *at all!* She watched him go to the bookshelf and bring back that book on 'Early Egyptian History.' Her heart sank. 'I'm going to let you study this for an hour, Valerie,' he said, 'then you can re-write your essay.' He put the book on the desk and turned and made for the door. 'I sincerely hope it is better than your last effort.'

The implication of his words was obvious. Valerie's eyes flickered nervously to the cane. Would he use that? She felt a freezing sensation inside her and hurriedly opened the book. She recalled miserably what he had said about the cane being a stimulant. Worse than that...the very *thought* of it was!

* * *

Valerie's brain felt addled but she struggled away, trying to take in as much as possible in the time permitted. What a deadly chore it was! Then, all too soon, it seemed, Mr Bartholomew was back. And she was putting pen to paper again. 'Just one more hour, Valerie,' he said as he left again. 'Then we'll finish for the evening.'

Valerie was very relieved to hear it. How tired she was getting!

She struggled on and on, trying to recall as many names and dates as possible. But it was all so difficult. She hadn't *got* that kind of brain. In the end, she just threw down her pen and sobbed and sobbed.

* * *

Mr Bartholomew studied the new essay, which now stretched to a page and half. He studied it in silence but, from time to time, shook his head mournfully. Valerie, at his side, couldn't stop herself repeatedly looking at the cane. Oh surely he wouldn't! He must see how hard she tried.

'Better,' he said at last — and Valerie's heart leapt. 'But *by no means* good enough.' Her heart plummeted again. 'I've a very good mind to cane you, my girl.'

Valerie felt her buttock cheeks twitch involuntarily. 'Oh no, please,' she almost whined. 'I...I tried so hard... and I'm so tired...'

'Yes,' he said, after a pause. I can see you have made an effort. That, at least is something.'

He's going to let me off...he is, he is, thought Valerie joyfully. 'Yes...I really did try...'

'However, Valerie,' he continued, 'I am convinced that a second spanking will help you to make a *far* better effort next time you come here.' He paused. 'Especially when you know that, if your essay is not up to the standards I demand, you certainly *will* be caned!'

Valerie burst into tears as, for a second time that evening, those thighs were patted. Once more the horrible rigamortale was gone through. Skirt yanked up, knickers



pulled down. Her bottom was still glowing hot but, as her Tutor's hand began to whack down hard, it burned. After no more than four or five, Valerie was yelling and struggling to break free. The ever increasing pain quickly overcame all her resolute attempts to remain silent, so as



not to please him the more. She simply couldn't help it.

'Oooowww...aaaahhh...ooowwww!' came her uninhibited cries. And her bottom, quite out of control, twisted frantically left and right. She had hoped, she had expected he would stop at twelve. The same as before. But

no...this time he went on to eighteen, the last six being delivered all in the same spot. Once more on the very centre of her bottom.

Oh how it blazed! It felt as if she were standing within inches of an electric fire. And it went on and on. No





wonder. She had received no less than thirty really hard stingers that evening. It was so, so unfair, after she'd tried so, so hard.

'You may pull your knickers up, now Valerie.'

She realised she was kneeling on the floor, hands pressed to her hot-throbbing flesh. She stood up and eased the blue serge knickers slowly up. She was so tender that even that contact made it hurt more.

'Go into the bathroom and wash your face, Valerie,' he said. 'You're not a pretty sight.'

And who's fault is that, she felt like shouting out, as she walked stiffly from the room. Luckily, she thought better of it. In the privacy of the bathroom, it was not only her face which got the attention of a cold flannel. For the third time that evening, Valerie pushed down her knickers this time, sighed with relief as she pressed the cold flannel to her buttocks — again and again and again.

* * *

'That is an improvement, Valerie...'

Valerie, who had been studying 'Early Egyptian History' during most of every waking moment over the last forty eight hours, was exceedingly relieved to hear it. Her four-page essay was filled with facts and well organised. She was aware of that. Resentfully, she was made aware, yet again, what power the fear of punishment had over one's mental efforts. This, she reflected ruefully, was how it was in the last century — when the nation was great — in the days when they thrashed education and effort into young people. How maddening she should have to go through the same hoop!

'I'm glad you approve, Sir.'

'Yes..yes...it shows what you can do.' Mr Bartholomew looked suddenly grave. 'Nevertheless, Valerie, there is another matter. I have just had your Aunt on the telephone.'

It seemed to Valerie that her stomach turned a somersault; her nerve-ends tingled. 'W-why...what...I don't understand...please...what's it about?'

'I think you know, Valerie.'

'No...no...really...' But she *did* know. She had been rumbled. Oh Heaven help her!

'Montague's letter. That case all ready for your week-end flight. Everything, my child, has been discovered. To say at least, your Aunt is most upset.'

Valerie found herself gulping. It had been a long-term plan. Carefully organised, between herself and Montague.

How could it possibly have all gone wrong? She had been dreaming about next weekend. Freedom at last!

'I...I'm entitled to live my own l-life...' she protested, her voice sounding feeble.

'Not yet,' said Mr Bartholomew. He smiled and flicked back his gown as he rose from his chair. 'Your Aunt — for this most serious act of disloyalty and disobedience — has instructed me to administer eight strokes of the cane.'

'No...ooooo!' Valerie felt herself dissolving. Terror filling her.

'This I now intend to do.' Slowly but surely Mr Bartholomew walked to where the cane hung.

Valerie began to sob like a little child. She knew there was no way out.



A CANDIDATE FOR A CANING

They greeted each other in that easy, familiar, mutually-detached and intimately uninvolved way which so commonly characterises cousins of the first degree. Oh! of course there are first-cousins who fall madly in love and marry, just as there are those that hate each other's guts. But in general, cousins whose childhood has been spent in and out of each other's houses, day and night, summer and winter, school-days and holidays, year in year out, will have settled long since into an enduring, routine, nearly but not quite brother and sister relationship.

Brian and Caroline had seen quite enough of each other since early infancy, one way or another — including those relating to anatomical diversity — to ensure a complete absence of shyness on the one hand and of undue sexual curiosity on the other, for when a boy and girl have laughed and cried, dressed and undressed, bathed and potted, kissed and kicked, been petted and been spanked, each in the presence of the other, little is left to excite either embarrassment or prurience as childhood merges into adolescence and approaching maturity.

Conceivably as an infant Brian may have found the spectacle of his cousin being soaped and towelled marginally more entertaining than precisely the same process applied to his sisters, while it is even more likely that, without brothers of her own, little Caroline would have been duly impressed by that particular, dangling endowment of which Brian alone of her cousins was proud possessor — even though the ultimate significance of 'Vive la difference' might be presumed,

as yet, to be suitably unrecognised.

It is also a matter of record and established observation that at a somewhat later date, while his little sisters' constant inportunings to join in 'Fathers and Mothers' would elicit only derisory refusals, Brian appeared to be notably more amenable in taking a key-role in 'Doctors and Nurses', in which Caroline was invariably cast as patient — and which produced at times acting of such Stanislavskian realism on the part of the boy as to require parental intervention, just about the middle of Act Three, Scene Two.

Nor can it in all honesty be gainsaid that such traditional opportunities as are afforded in the course of party-games like 'Postman's knock' and Truth or Dare' tended to be enthusiastically, if not always suitably, exploited by the two youngsters; it is less likely, of course, that anyone other than themselves would have been aware of certain rather exciting climax to 'Fox and Hounds' one summer, when Brian at eleven and a half, running Caroline to 'earth' in a hay loft, had decided that a pair of pants would do very well in lieu of the brush.

Then some years later, there was that afternoon, when all four of them had been caught 'scrumping', and they had faced the alternative of a police prosecution or 'punishment on the spot...' 'All depends which spot!' Caroline had countered with more cheek than discretion, with the result that Brian's noble and manly offer to bear the full brunt of their captor's wrath on behalf of them all, as the only boy involved, was flatly rejected. His sisters being, still quite young, were let

off lightly with a slap or two across the seat of their pants, but Caroline — left till last while Brian took a belting with his trousers circling his ankles — was dismayed at the choice offered her of a similar belting, or a hand spanking minus her pants. Considerations of modesty and propriety were beginning to assume greater significance, but having observed the effect of that belt across her cousin's inadequately protected backside, Caroline had only briefly hesitated before opting for the less painful if more-revealling alternative — and so their irate captor, whose insistence on beating the boy before her may well have been intended to influence the girl's choice, had promptly taken her over his knee and yanked her knickers down. The thoroughness of the spanking she had then to endure must have made her wonder if, after all, she had opted altogether wisely!

And of course, finally — if anything can ever be counted final in a continuing relationship between cousins in fairly constant contact — there had been that one really frightening and, for a girl of sixteen, potentially traumatic experience when the cousins, strolling and chattering inconsequentially through a 'short-cut' copse had suddenly found themselves surrounded by half-a-dozen drunken louts, even the youngest of whom was at least a year or so older than Brian, and heavier and tougher into the bargain.

Their purpose had not been in any doubt for a single moment, as the boys's arms were seized and twisted painfully behind his back, while a frantically struggling and kicking Caroline tried vainly to prevent the other four louts from

mishandling her and yanking up her skirt. An agonised howl had confirmed that at least one of the girl's desperate kicks had made effective, and hopefully disabling contact, but the fact that this was almost certainly more by luck than judgement — Caroline being as yet unversed in the cruder aspects of self-defence — in no way lessened the fury of the stricken ring leader, who from a doubled up and too tardily adopted protective posture had managed at last to straighten up just long enough to catch the girl a vicious slap in the face.

Limping over toward Brian, he had produced an ugly-looking knife, and the cousins had simultaneously ceased their struggles at the gasping, half-strangled threat... 'Any more kicking, you little bitch, and your brother gets a red necklace,' — and likewise any trouble from you, sonny, your sister finds out what other uses a knife can be put to — like, for instance...'

Perhaps just to put a stop at all cost to the unimaginably obscene details the lout was obviously prepared to describe for them indefinitely, Caroline — never one to consider discretion at the expense of truth — blurted out, 'I'm not his sister anyway, — we're cousins!'

'Cousins, eh? — you don't say!'...fury had given place by now to a no-less disturbing anticipatory gleam of malevolent, shamefully opportunistic intent. 'Oh! well, in that case, since he isn't your brother, my little pretty, there's no reason why he shouldn't 'disclose his interest'. as the saying goes!' and with that the lewd, foul-minded lout had coolly unzipped Brian's fly, to bring the boy's penis blatantly into full view of everyone, including of course the affronted and now thoroughly alarmed girl. Crossing again to her, the bully had next gestured significantly toward his own frontage. 'There'd better be no damage down there, girlie, to stop me getting a hard on, because if there is, that boyfriend of yours — cousin or whatever — is going to have to watch while I belt your bare arse to shreds!' At his nod, two of his loutish followers yanked up her skirt waist-high, and with a sneering laugh he had immediately directed her attention to the helplessly protesting boy as he jeered. 'Pretty obvious he isn't your brother now, eh? — just look at him, baby!'...and indeed, for all

his genuine distress and concern for his cousin, Brian had been most lamentably unsuccessful in his efforts to inhibit the biological consequences of his own exposed state, much less that cavalier uncovering of Caroline's knickers — especially as wandering hands proceeded to stray very explicitly indeed all over the flimsy under garment.

'If appearances are anything to go by', that sneering voice had continued its taunting from just behind the girl now, 'that fine fellow there — cousin or no cousin — would positively jump at the chance to put his pride and joy right where his eyes are glued, but I'm sure you'll be content with just us half-dozen...hey! hold hard, you lot, no need to rush at it... there's a fair chance, anyway, we'll be able to persuade her to take them down herself any moment now. But if all that poor chap is going to be allowed to do is watch, perhaps she should let him have a kiss...a really special, **cousinly** sort of kiss, eh?' — and amid a raucous, obscenity-strewn and bespattered general approbation, Caroline had been frog marched forward, forced to her knees against Brian's pinioned legs, and at last — impelled as much by the crudest and vilest of threatened alternatives of an utterly-degrading nature as by the painful pressure on her arms, bent up behind her back, had brought her lips to that most intimate of caresses as they brushed the tip of her cousin's pulsing manhood.

Pulled roughly to her feet once more, Caroline's determined if tearful refusal to strip, even in spite of renewed mention of unspeakable 'persuasive' procedures, had prompted Brian, against all the odds, to take advantage of the general focussing of attention on the distraught girl by breaking away suddenly from his two captors, and in a positive frenzy of flying fists and feet and head-butts had put paid to no fewer than three of their assailants. The position would quickly have been restored, nevertheless, had not Caroline's piercing scream been answered by a shouting at no great distance, upon which the six would-be rapists, three of them distinctly the worse for wear, had beat a hasty retreat.

That incident, terrifying and shocking though it had been, for both of them, had however cemented the close bond between

the cousins as perhaps nothing else might have done — and incidentally marked, as well, their first joint venture into sexual fulfilment, in a mutually-shared surrender of virginity. Over wrought and on the verge of hysteria, even after reaching the safety of her home, Caroline had implored Brian not to leave her, and instead of going into the house they had repaired to the summer chalet which was their favourite private domain. Intent on offsetting the traumatic effect of that so narrowly averted gang bang, the boy had argued with an eloquence far beyond his years, never mind experience, the inherently beautiful and joyful nature of a tender and caring sexual relationship, as opposed to the base and bestial rapacity which had characterised their attackers that afternoon. Though comforted and almost convinced, Caroline had pointed out tartly, if with a certain diffidence, that his own physical arousal had been all too evident, despite the menacing circumstances, and so he had perforce to explain that even the purest and most keenly-cherished of passions do not exclude physical desire — and that loving would become a cold and comfortless affair if it were otherwise.

He had done his best to divert the girl's somewhat morbid pre-occupation with those luridly announced and lewdly elaborated 'alternatives' which had assailed her ears into rather more normal and conventional aspects...yes, it was true enough that even way out fringe activities like that could find an acceptable place within a genuinely caring relationship — the one vital element was mutual desire and consent, in which case anything goes...why yes, even that...! All the same, none of that sort of stuff was of the slightest significance compared with the 'real thing'...and with that, very gently and tenderly indeed he had proceeded to initiate both his cousin and himself into the delights of that same 'real thing' — and being the sort of girl she was, while properly grateful and appreciative, Caroline had quite readily accepted the self-evident possibility of a friendly but uncommitted relationship, accompanied at times by physical lovemaking, but without the surrender of independence and freedom of action at all times.

They were meeting now not as lovers, then — not even just at the



moment as casual sex-partners — but as boon companions, completely at ease with each other ...yet there could be detected an unmistakeable air of suppressed excitement, with albeit a hinted reserve, despite his cousin's customary off-hand greeting, which Brian found quite tantalising.

'Come on, out with it, Caroline,' he ordered. 'You're up to something, my girl, so you may as well get it off your chest. Any stalling and I shall think you are aiming to be put across my knee!' — whereupon, to his complete and utter surprise, his pretty cousin replied, 'Why, that is exactly right, Brian — however did you guess?'

He could only gape at her, speechless, as she launched into a

tale that seemed on the face of it totally incredible, though upon reflection — and recalling his own final term at school barely six months earlier, shortly after his eighteenth birthday — the boy had to own up that there was very little nowadays that one could count impossible, yet even so, the notion of this gently-nurtured, well-bred cousin of his, presently in her final term at an exclusive private school, actually having become at seventeen an equally exclusive mini madam — and indeed to some extent a procuress — took some crediting!

It appeared that Caroline and her little clique of fellow sixth formers had been greatly intrigued by a certain highly erotic and well circulated novel not to be found on the list of required studies, to do

with the very naughty goings on of a group of fourth formers who had established, for the benefit of senior boys at a neighbouring school, what amounted to a private brothel — their young clients being entertained, indeed, actually on the school premises, under the stage in the drama hall.

Borrowing freely from this source of inspiration, Caroline and her friends had even circulated a very similar 'brochure and tariff' detailing the various 'amenities and services' on offer, together with a graded price-scale, although instead of the below stage 'passion parlour' of the fictional account — unanimously dismissed as utterly far fetched and downright dangerous — they had made their own love nest in an isolated bungalow used as an

occasional holiday retreat by the bachelor uncle of one of the girls, and to whom he had given a spare key. Situated handily near by for both schools, it had proved an ideal rendezvous.

The reason now became apparent for Caroline's singularly odd stated readiness — urgency even — to have cousin Brian take her across his knee. It appeared that 'les filles' had also adopted the original catch phrase quoted in the source of their inspiration — the slogan: - 'You may, if you wish, beat our girls — but you will never beat our prices!' — and so in due course, predictably some senior prefectorial type with a penchant for whacking junior bottoms already well-ingrained, had concluded that the bare backside of a pretty girl must surely present an altogether more rewarding target for hair-brush, a strap or cane than that of any mere boy.

However, although during the course of their normal, routine conduct of the pleasantly lucrative out of school side line instituted by Caroline and her cronies, sundry playful pats upon most of their pert little posteriors had been occasionally conferred — and duly charged for — yet the prospect of a real honest to goodness beating had been daunting enough to give them a severe case of the willies, for they had all heard from various junior fags of the effectiveness and severity of prefectorial canings. And while not one of them wanted to seem to back down from the promises made in their hand-printed brochure, equally none was prepared to volunteer until Caroline had, so to speak, sampled the product!

This, of course, was where Brian came in — as independent pre-sampler.

I shouldn't have thought you needed it — from me or anyone else,' he commented. 'You and I have both been up-ended often enough in the old days, for goodness sake!'

A far from lady-like snort came from Caroline: - Believe it or not, pal, a certain bare-bottom wallop- ing I had to take one summer after- noon when you and I and the kids were caught scrumping by that randy old farmer chappie...I was old enough for him to get a dirty kick out of taking my pants down, remember? — you do...? — well, yes you certainly should, you got a hefty belting yourself! — well, that's the last real stinger yours

truly can boast or complain about. Three whole years, Brian! — with- out so much as a single tingle...at any rate nothing more than one of mumsie's feeble little efforts! — nearer four, in fact. Don't forget, it's all lines to write and loss of privileges in girls' schools nowa- days — not 'six of the best' like you boys get well used to...and that's the trouble, you see? — so long as I have only dimly-recalled spankings to my credit, and no beltings or canings, there's no way I can persuade my lot that the rewards are worth the aggro. What's more, before I can decide on a price in advance, I have to know for sure how six of the best will feel!'

'I see the problem alright', her eighteen year old cousin allowed a shade dubiously, 'but I take it you do realise that, to be any good at all, any whacking I were to give you would have to be every bit as stingy as the ones this prefect wallah. of yours is likely to dish out... — none of your fancy token strokes!'

'Even stinggier if anything, Brian — I have to know for certain I'll be able to face my faint-hearted crowd of ninnies, not only with his lovely 'donation to indoor sports fund' in my hands, but with an encouraging smile on my face, no matter how eloquent the sensations in my behind!'

Thus it was that the following afternoon found the cousins in that same summer retreat which had marked, Caroline's sexual initiation, and were now, at seventeen, as she regarded the cane Brian had brought along, she told herself with a feeble attempt irony, something else was about to be marked!

'How d'you want it, kiddo? — pants on or off?'

There was not so much as a hint of embarrassment on the part of either of the cousins as she considered this carefully and quite seriously. 'Could be either, I suppose...this particular johnnie hasn't specified one way or the other, but in any case he's unlikely to be the only boy opting for a go at whacking a girl's backside, and sooner or later — probably sooner — someone will quite definitely specify a bare bum. So how about

'Three with' followed by 'three without' to see what difference it makes, if any.'

Brian laughed shortly, with amusement. 'Oh! it'll make a difference all right, no matter how

flimsy your pants...you'll soon find that out!'

Without further ado Caroline removed her skirt, and as instructed by her cousin, draped herself over the back of a heavy chair which she assured him was similar to one of those at the 'love nest'.

'Come to think of it,' she murmured, 'it's quite on the cards we'll be asked to take all our clothes off, for a whacking stark naked, some time or other, even though it is only from the waist down that counts, of course.'

Recognising that she was only making conversation to cover her tensed nervousness, Brian gently laid the cane across the seat of his cousin's thin summer pants as a measuring preliminary, and could not forbear a slight grin at the girl's startled reaction to its touch.

'Okay then...? — ready, pet?'

'Y-yes...go right ahead, Brian...any old time youowwh'

It had been a crisply-delivered, shoulder-high first stroke — the cane swooping down precisely where it had lain just a moment earlier — and the boy was conscious of a certain self-congratulatory satisfaction that despite the months which had elapsed since leaving school none of his former prefectorial caning expertise appeared to have deserted him.

Thwaackk!... his second stroke fell just as surely and accurately, a little lower this time, and favouring Caroline's right buttock cheek a shade. Quite unmoved and undeterred by the girl's screeching yelp, he landed the third stroke neatly across her left cheek, to balance things nicely

Realising that at least for the moment his cousin was far too pre-occupied with anguished vocalisations and hind-quarter squirmings to be able to head his reminder about the removal of her knickers, he eased them down over the smarting rounds himself, allowing the garment to fall to her ankles. But now that his cousin's shapely posterior was exposed, completely nude, to his gaze, and especially as his eyes rested upon those three reddening stripes raised by his own strong right arm, an unwanted and altogether unanticipated stirring manifested itself at his loins.

'Er...umm...Carol, my sweet,' he murmured, an unaccustomed slurring notable as he spoke. 'I... er...rather think you'd be better

with these pants right out of the way, don't you? — and besides freeing the garment from around the girl's ankles he contrived to place her feet well astride now, with a resulting eye-arresting degree of cleavage, as blistered buttocks were forced revealingly apart.

'Take a firm grip on those chair arms now,' he counselled, and he swung his hand up high above his shoulder, to bring the cane whistling down diagonally across the weals marking that now bared right buttock.

'Eee...oww...arghh!!!' — the resulting cry gave convincing confirmation indeed of that significant difference which he had warned Caroline the removal of her pants was bound to make, but it has to be confessed also that as he delivered a further stroke similarly criss-crossing the left cheek, Brian had become aware that in any case he was applying more fervour to these downward-slashing strokes — for if it were true that the first three across the seat of his cousin's pants and indeed been awarded in a spirit of genuinely cooperative disinterestedness, and purely in the furtherance of technical research as it were, most certainly the visual impact of that beckoning bare bottom had transformed his task into an utterly gratifying exercise in self indulgence, and so, in tacit recognition of this, his final swishing stroke cracked down with tremendous zest and effect, right across the lowest overhang of Caroline's buttocks, just above her thighs.

'Ooo...ooo...eeeckk!!!' — It was an ear-piercing screech that was torn this time from the girl's lips, though her cousin's alarm at the sound was less out of concern for her bouncing and blistered behind than at the possibility it may have reached the ears of others, but reassured on this point, Brian threw down the cane, and with little more than a perfunctory application of ointment — and admittedly much encouraged by Caroline's almost immediately indicated readiness as she parted her thighs wider yet, in mute offering of her all — proceeded to possess her very satisfactorily from the rear.

'Well, pet — what's the verdict?' — he enquired a little later, as they disengaged. 'How much is going to make that sort of whacking a worthwhile proposition?'

Caroline grinned ruefully as she eased her knickers very carefully over her sore bottom. 'I must admit that the 'afters' made up for the 'first course' — just like our school-dinners!...especially as that sort of sequel to a duly paid for beating would mean extra cash anyway! But...cor!!! — not a penny less than a pound a stroke...and one fifty on the bare!'

'You'll be lucky!' — her cousin exclaimed, frankly incredulous. 'Hell's bells — if I had a quid for every swishing I've taken — let alone every stroke! — I'd be rolling by now. At that price your girls certainly won't need to worry over much about being thrashed too often!'

'Hah — you'd be surprised!' she retorted, moving a little stiffly to the door. 'Some of those blokes seem to have money to burn, you know...their Dads must be millionaire-tycoons or something. Even for a bit of a fumble or a quick peck we can get quite a handsome bonus, let alone what they fork out for 'la grande penetration'... — and as for those very special 'extras' that some of them seem to go for more than anything else...oh! boy! — the sky's the limit!'

'Special extras?' he echoed, as they walked through the grounds toward the main building.

'I won't shock you with every single detail, Cousin Brian — you are far too young and innocent, my lad!' she giggled cheekily. 'Or anyway, rather straight laced and conventional...but if you care to harkback to that day you saved me from a fate worse than death — remember? — Well, just bring to mind, for a moment some of those threatened 'alternatives' they were on about...ah! — I see you do!'

'Good grief!' — he was too taken aback to be able to respond in a similar light-hearted manner — 'But Carol, what that horrible brute proposed was absolutely disgusting! revolting! If you're asking me to believe that you and your cut-price pinafore and gym-slip pros are prepared to indulge in that sort of thing by choice, then all I can say is, you deserve every hiding you get!'

'Hey! steady on...don't go losing your cool now — and none of your snide 'cut-price' insinuations either...wanton and wicked we may be — cheap we most certainly are **not**! Anyway, who was it told me that time, cousin dear, that it isn't so much

what you do, but why you do it, and with whom? — and that wasn't you, that was Shakespeare! But it was certainly you who taught me to believe that anything at all, no matter what, can be as beautiful or as ugly as one chooses to make it... 'love', you said, 'can transform the vilest obscenity into the sheerest delight.'

'Oh — well...' — Brian was nonplussed at this reminder of his own former eloquence... 'yes, but look here, you silly goose — what you lot are up to has nothing to do with love!'

'True — I cannot deny that — but at least whatever we do is of our own freewill, not under duress...and after all, what is so awful in humouring some chap with more money than sense who affects to consider every natural process enthralling...and indeed an experience to be shared?'

But for the fact that they had now arrived at Caroline's front door, the distinct possibility is that a shocked and outraged Brian would have delivered a further whacking there and then — and he said as much on the door step.

'Don't worry on that score,' she said brightly, 'you'll have all the opportunity you could wish for during the next day or so, before term begins. By the time I leave for school, and that 'love nest' of ours, I aim to have tried out everything you can muster up in the corporal punishment line, Brian darling...let's see now — there's my very suitably flat wooden backed hair brush...and my riding crop..and I'm sure you have a suitable slipper somewhere, eh? — and there's your belt, of course...maybe we could even fix up a 'DIY' birch, though I think we might draw the line at the 'Cat-O-Nine-Tails!'

So it was that the 'Merry Madam of Meadowfield' could boast an extremely well-tutored backside on her return to the educational fold a few days later. Of the enthralling details attending her satisfactory encounter with that senior cane-weilder, and the successful outcome of her attempts to persuade her friends to follow her brave example, more anon — not to mention the dire consequences of a certain uncle's unexpected arrival at his bungalow in the middle of a teenage orgy! Suffice it to record, for the time being, that a certain niece was by no means the only young lady to discover the price for the loan of a key!

HEADMASTER'S FANCY

Divide and rule was the Headmaster's motto. In pursuance of this Mr Thornton liked to have a number of contacts around the school who for information rendered were treated more lightly in regard to their own misdeeds. It was a system which he had found to work very well. One of his favourite means of acquiring information was through sixth form tutorials in Current Affairs. These tutorials were conducted in small groups but he liked to have a private session with each girl once a week to discuss her essay. During these private sessions he could learn a lot about what might be going on in the school. Such, for instance, as Jane Hadley's quite unacceptable underwear.

Sandra Clayton told him after being prompted. 'Anything at all interesting at the moment, Sandra?' Sandra herself had been caught by the groundsman climbing in over the wall after hours at the beginning of the term. The Head had treated the affair relatively leniently — that is he had taken Sandra's knickers down and spanked her bottom. Whereas he could have used the cane on her and as he pointed out the cane on a 17 year old girl's bare bottom can be quite, quite devastating: he **could** even have expelled her.

So a spanking, albeit a bare bottom one, **was** lenient and therefore Sandra could be said to owe the Head. And he **could** always decide, a Headmaster being the ultimate authority and a law unto himself at a girls boarding school, to use the cane after all. So Sandra was ready to report what she knew and anyway Jane Hadley wasn't a particular friend.

Mr Thornton's eyes widened as Sandra, after a moment's hesitation, offered her information. He got to his feet and put a hand on Sandra's arm. Could she describe these garments? Sandra, who had been sitting next to him on his sofa as you did when you were in his room discussing your essay, stood up. Yes she could. The Head led her over to the window as she described what Jane Hadley had excitedly shown to a number of girls in her room. Brief bra and bikini pants in pale blue satin. Plus to go with it a sexy white suspender belt.

Such garments were of course strictly forbidden at Oakleigh School for Girls. Girls' minds could not be kept on their work if they were allowed to parade around in sexy undergarments; also if they were allowed such wear it would be an added incentive to go into the nearby town looking for boys.

'Did she disclose anything of the provenance of these items,' queried Mr Thornton, standing with Sandra at his

window which looked out onto the lawn. Sandra said an excited 'Yes sir'. Apparently they were a gift from an older man, a neighbour of Jane's at home. There was naturally the quite intoxicating thought of what Jane might have done to receive such a gift. Jane had laughed and rolled her eyes when asked. Jane Hadley **was** a pretty and well developed 17 year old — as indeed was Sandra Clayton herself.

Mr Thornton slid his arm round Sandra's waist. It was a nice slim waist, the juncture of crisp white blouse above and grey pleated skirt below. 'Thank you, Sandra. That is very interesting information. What would be highly satisfactory of course would be to catch that young lady in the act, so to speak. I mean wearing those outrageous articles. I imagine she **does** put them on at times — to impress colleagues?'

As he queried this the Head's hand had slipped down from the slim waist onto a decidedly fuller bottom. Shapely but undoubtedly full. Sandra stood still, though there was an audible indrawing of breath. Though regulation grey linen skirt and regulation, or at least perfectly acceptable, white nylon knickers, the hand cupped the firm rotundity of Sandra's near-side bottom cheek. 'Uh, well...' he said. 'Yes.'

Yes Jane had, in the privacy of her room with just her room-mate Liz Rampart and a few invited others present, put the illicit undies on. And yes, Sandra agreed, as her left bottom cheek was jiggled, Jane very likely **would** put them on again. And so... Mr Thornton's large hand squeezed soft, female flesh through the thin layers of linen and nylon. The very flesh that he had so keenly spanked, giving no quarter. What he wanted naturally was for Sandra to rat on Jane so that he could catch her **in flagrante delicto**.

Sandra pursed her lips. Having told the Head in the first place she didn't have a lot of choice. He could easily threaten to cane what he was now playing with. Ratting wasn't nice but Jane was **not** Sandra's best friend; Jane in fact annoyed her at times. And also...

'OK sir,' she said. And then after a pause, 'Er I wonder if I could have a pass next week, sir?'

Passes were not readily given, Mr Thornton assuming, usually correctly, that girls wanted them to go and meet boys, so you had to pick your time carefully for a request. When he was in a receptive mood but on the other hand not so that it might seem you were attempting some sort of blackmail as regards helping him to catch Jane Hadley.

'I'll do what I can about Jane, Sir. Really.'

But also I **would** like a pass, Sir.'

'For what reason, Miss?' The Headmaster immediately answered his own question. 'A boy I suppose. The hormones running amok, are they? Our cloistered little world getting too much for them?'

Sandra produced a strangled 'No sir' although what he had said was largely correct. It was strangled because the Head's hand had simultaneously gone down and come up again, lifting the back of her skirt with it. His hand sliding up the backs of her thighs, up to the tautly knickered bottom.

'No, Sandra?' 'Oooohhh!' she squirmed as fingers reached in between her thighs. 'Well, not really, Sir. I mean he's a friend, Sir. It's nothing like that, Sir. **Aaohh!**'

Through warm, somewhat moist, knickers Mr Thornton's fingers probed where it counted. 'Just remember, Sandra, it takes only one of those little wriggly things up inside you to fertilise an egg. Just one. And that boy whoever he is, if he is at all normal, will produce some millions under your no doubt highly stimulating influence.'

He took his hand away and sharply pinched her bottom. Sandra yelped, then said. 'I know, sir, but I'm not going to do that, sir. Really I'm not.'

That was true. Sandra didn't plan to do it with Derek, the boy she had met in town. She knew a girl **could** easily get pregnant, Mr Walmesley, the Biology master, had drummed that into them on a number of occasions and Sandra had taken due notice. The thought of getting pregnant was too, too horrible but there were plenty of things you could do with a boy that were pretty mind-zonking and at the same time wouldn't get you pregnant.

One particularly mind-zonking thing for instance, that some girls **had** had doubts about had been cleared up when Yvette Saunders who was half French and therefore rather bold had asked Mr Walmesley. He had confirmed that you couldn't get pregnant from having a boy's thing in your mouth.

Mr Thornton said, 'Hmm, well, just be warned, my girl.'

But getting his hand on Sandra's bottom and also having it between her legs had clearly got him going a bit. He said she could have a pass but at the same time he didn't really approve of girls going off into town with boys and therefore he thought a little smacking was in order. This reponse did not come as a complete surprise to Sandra; the Head **did** like impromptu smacking sessions if he could find half an excuse and if he had been doing something that got him in the mood.

Sandra didn't enjoy having her bare bum smacked but if she wanted the pass. She knew the drill. Ruefully she went over to his door to lock it, then came back to stand in front of the Head who had gone to sit on his settee again. 'Uh, do you want...?'

Mr Thornton said, 'Of course.' Sandra

had not been in any real doubt that he would want her knickers down, but it was worth a try. She reached up under her skirt. It's in a good cause, she told herself. The alternative would have been to sneak out without a pass and risk getting caught. Getting caught the second time would undoubtedly get her the cane and that was too awful to contemplate. Juliet Pilkington had got the cane last week and had been persuaded, reluctantly, to show her bottom in her room afterwards. It had really been horrible, double lines, red turning to purple, and sort of ridged. No wonder Juliet was still making sobbing noises.

As Mr Thornton, with Sandra's succulent bare bottom raised over his lap, commenced to crack his hand down, Sandra wondered about Jane. Thinking about her at least took her mind a little bit off the pain. Would he give Jane the cane if he caught her? Sandra squirmed her hips as a particularly sharp one landed. Dirty old Thorny was evidently enjoying this, his thing big and stiff underneath her.

Jane was duly caught, in all the glory of her illicit underwear, three days later. She had been persuaded, against her better judgement, to give another showing in her room after supper. It was risky because of course anyone could suddenly come along: one of the masters, Matron, even the Head. To a certain extent Jane was regretting having brought the splendid items to school following her weekend pass a week ago. She had intended just to show them to a couple of close friends but of course people now kept wanting her to put them on and it **was** a temptation.

Sandra, keeping her ear to the ground, got to hear of things and even managed to get an invite. So that when Jane actually stripped off and put the other underwear on Sandra was able to surreptitiously make a signal with her hand out of the window — to Mr Thornton who was waiting and watching below. In one minute flat there was a pre-emptory knock at the door. Panic amongst the six girls present (Sandra's panic was simulated but she did feel intense excitement). The Head's voice thundered, 'Open this door immediately!' and there was nothing for it but obey. Jane was frantically trying to get her blouse on as he pushed his way in.

'**Stop that!**' he bellowed. '**And stand up straight, girl!**'

Shock-faced, Jane straightened up, a spicy sight in the scandalous underwear plus her unbuttoned blouse. Her hands came across to close the blouse and cover the brief triangle down below. 'Stand straight! Hands at your sides. wretched girl!'

The others stood immobile, wide-eyed with shock and excitement. **What a drama!** **Poor Jane** — but even for her friends there was a quiver of excitement to see her caught like this, and to contemplate what her fate

would now be.

'Utterly disgraceful,' stated the Head, his eyes glinting with relish. '**Utterly** disgraceful. Get your skirt on, girl, and button up that blouse and then come with me.'

Shaking like a leaf, Jane complied. The awful initial shock had partially worn off and she now felt like bursting into tears. She had **known** it wasn't a good idea to put the things on again — but what dreadful luck for the Head to come in at that very moment...

Jane was shortly standing quivering in his sitting room. 'Take off your blouse and skirt,' he told her. 'You know what you're going to get of course.'

That could only mean one thing: **the cane**. She felt quite sick. Like Sandra, Jane had also seen Juliet's bottom when Mr Thornton had finished with her. It had made her sick to look at it, those dreadful weals. 'Please sir...' she whimpered.

'Get those things **off!**' he barked. 'And then you'll take your punishment. Rules at this school aren't made to be simply blatantly disregarded, young woman.'

Under his searching gaze Jane slid her skirt down and then took off her blouse. It was like a nightmare. She had a super figure, tall and very shapely and naturally it was stunningly set off in the sensational undies. Mr Thornton's eyes were like creatures crawling over her.

'Utterly disgraceful,' he said primly. 'I have never seen anything like it. Where did you obtain such an outfit?'

Jane could have made something up, said she had bought it through one of those ads in the Sunday papers in view of the fact that the Head had already had the true version via Sandra perhaps it was as well she didn't; in any case in sheer fright she told the truth: Mr Girling her neighbour at home had bought it for her. This of course was bound to raise the same question it had with her friends: what had Jane done to inspire such a gift?

Jane tried to insist she had done nothing, which was not quite true. She had in fact let Mr Girling take some photos of her in the sexy underwear and she had also, before he got those items, let him take photos of her in her normal, less exotic, underwear. Eventually, after point blank refusing to take her repeated 'Nothing sir' for an answer, Mr Thornton bludgeoned out the truth.

'Posing for dirty pictures eh,' exclaimed the Head grimly.

That **was** one way of putting it. Jane was by now in tears. 'Well, Miss, that will certainly call for a little extra.'

He went through into his study leaving Jane standing there. He was gone some little time. Waiting for a punishment, especially waiting for a caning, always made it much worse, the suspense could be as bad as the actual event. Well, perhaps not **quite** as bad. But when he did finally appear again things had got quite desperate and in more ways than one.

'Sir...please...' Jane's face was bright red. 'Can I...' she finally blurted it out. 'I need...to pee, sir.'

'Is it desperate?' he inquired owlily. He didn't want her wetting herself in the middle of proceedings but equally he didn't want any more time-wasting.

'Very desperate, sir.' Jane was squeezing her thighs together. 'Very well, then. But make it **snappy**.'

She came out of the Head's bathroom relieved in one way but in that way only. In his study he pointed to a straight backed chair. 'Get bent over that. Hands on the seat.' Mr Thornton had his cane in his hand.

Jane felt a sudden need to go back in the bathroom, this time to throw up. She had never had the cane and the vision of Juliet's bottom...The cane snaked out across her leg. 'Get **over**, Miss.'

She stumbled forward. Oh Christ. She had just been on the loo but she needed to pee again **and** be sick. She bent down, over the chairback. Her ripe bottom in the almost non-existent satin knickers, which left virtually the whole of her bottom cheeks bare, **Oh Christ. 'Aaaooohh!'**

A strangled cry as without delay Mr Thornton cracked his cane in. A mind-boggling pain in her so tender, sensitive rear. A quite impossible pain. One hand leapt off the seat to go behind. She immediately yelled out again as he whipped the cane in again across her clutching hand.

'Stay in **position**, Miss. You are not a baby.'

The second across her rear was if anything worse than the first. It was **impossible, unbelievable**. Her hands came off the seat again. This time after another quick cut across an offending arm Mr Thornton made her put both hands through the chairback to grip them round her inner thighs.

'Hold on and **do not move**, he barked.

Somehow Jane clung on as the cane whistled in once more...and then again. By now the pain was so bad she scarcely knew what was happening. Vaguely she was aware that at some stage he skimmed the pants down off her bottom, and also at some stage made her bend even further down, to grip the leg rungs. But those details were indistinct, at some remove it seemed from reality. Reality was only the red hot throbbing pain, not now just in her stricken rear but everywhere, all over. Jangling every nerve in her body.

They made her show it afterwards of course. Girls crowding excitedly into her room telling her she **had** to, everyone had to after a caning from the Head. She tried to avoid it, all she wanted to do was hide in a corner and **die** but they **made** her show. Bright-eyed faces commiserating, eyes bright with **excitement**, it was always tremendously exciting when it was someone else. Monica said the purpling ridged weals were even worse than Juliet's.



Mr Thornton naturally confiscated the offending underwear: said they were fit only to be burnt. But he didn't burn them, as Sandra subsequently found out. Two weeks later, on a quiet Sunday afternoon, he produced them in his sitting room. Smiling he said, 'try them on.'

Sandra, who had come to the Head to ask for another pass, looked at Jane's undies and



then at the Head. She bit her lip. He wasn't going to make her put them on and then get out his cane, was he? Because she was perhaps asking for too many passes?

'Come on,' he urged. He was still smiling. But then Mr Thornton had probably been smiling while he was producing those awful weals on Jane's and Juliet's bottoms.

FACT AND FICTION

Dear Sirs,

I wonder if your readers would be interested in a little story which I would like to relate. It is a fantasy, but it has its origins in a real life situation which concerns myself, (a young company director) and a vacancy for a clerk typist.

The company I work for is quite small, and the office is, therefore, manned only by myself and my co-director and senior partner. We have a part time secretary of rather mature years who of late had become somewhat feeble and unreliable. In view of this, and the fact that I was having to do more clerical work than I wanted, we decided to retire the part timer and advertise for a full time young person to do clerical work and typing.

As my partner was not too concerned whether the applicant was young, old, ugly, attractive or whatever, as long as she could do the job, it fell to me to do the recruitment. This was a most enjoyable diversion for me as I am young and single and do not usually have much contact with young women in my working environment.

The local Job Centre sent a steady stream of young girls along, and I must have interviewed about a dozen on the first day. Most were quite attractive, some very much so, all were smartly dressed, and most seemed capable of doing the job, which wasn't that demanding anyway. I made a shortlist of three and called time on the interviews.

DISAPPOINTMENT

What happened next was a disappointment for me. My boss suddenly decided that we couldn't afford and didn't need a full-time clerk-typist. Also the part-time lady decided she didn't want to retire. So, that was that, fait accompli, cancel the whole project. End of story? Well, not quite. The experience triggered off a fantasy in my mind which

LETTERS

frequently recurs and varies only slightly every time. It goes like this:-

Its quite late on the afternoon of the day I'm conducting the interviews. My partner has gone home and I'm alone in the office. I'm about ready to call it a day when the phone rings and a female voice says she's just heard about the job and could she come for an interview.

'OK' I tell her. Might as well see one more. 'What time would you like to come'

'Well I could pop along now if its not too late', she says. 'Yes; that'll be fine', I say.

As I await her arrival it passes pleasantly through my mind that I have, or will have a certain amount of power over these young women. There is a very high unemployment in this region and this is a good position with good pay. It occurs to me for the first time that some girls might be keener than others to impress. Keen to offer certain...favours, perhaps? 'That's ridiculous' I say to myself, 'the old casting-couch, for a typist's job?' I had to smile to myself. Little did I know I was about to be pre-empted.

SUPERB LEGS

She knocked and entered. We introduced ourselves and she sat down opposite. I was glad I had decided to see her. She was wearing a leather skirt that was quite short and she had really superb legs. I love to see girls who wear sexy clothes especially if they've got the figure and the looks to go with it. And this one certainly had.

I gave her a description of the job and we chatted for a while. From what she told me I was pretty sure she would be able to cope with the duties involved.

'Is there anything you would like to ask me?' I asked, as I usually do to bring the interview to a

close.

She paused and looked downwards. I looked downwards and my heart rate almost doubled. I had been concentrating hard as I do in interviews, watching the applicants' faces, thinking of questions to ask, mentally noting their reactions. I think I was more keyed up than they were.

So I hadn't noticed that her skirt had ridden up. Or she had pulled it up. Not very high, but higher than before.

'I really want the job,' I heard her say as I prised my eyes away from her perfectly formed teenage thighs. She was only nineteen.

'And I'm prepared to go to certain lengths to get it.'

The skirt had risen again. In theory her underwear should now have been visible, but her thighs, which were tightly pressed together, seemed to go on forever, leaving that final modesty undisclosed.

'Er, really,' I managed to say eventually, 'and what might those lengths be?' I didn't dare look down again. She probably had no skirt on at all now.

UNDERWEAR

'Well I happen to know that you like girls to wear a certain type of underwear...' I couldn't believe this was happening.

'Well,' I began, 'All men have their pref....'

'...plastic underwear', she interrupted.

I was dumbfounded. How could she know? No-one knew. Oh God, was she blackmailing me?

But how could she know?

It was true of course. Well everyone has their fantasies, although I must admit I was a bit ashamed of this fetish. I hardly dared admit even to myself that I would love to see shapely young girls wearing a pair of waterproof pants. I have been fascinated with the idea

all my adult life, and I am reminded of it every time I see these pants advertised in the small ads. in the newspapers.

Setting aside the worrying mystery, for the moment, of how she knew, I thought I might as well carry on to the next stage.

The skirt was even higher but she had her hands between her legs so I could see her pants. But I wondered.

I am a very cautious person by nature and I knew that I was in a very awkward situation. If anyone found out about this I would not only be embarrassed I would be a laughing stock with the consequent loss of my job and my integrity. However; she was here; I was here, and I could throw her out or I could give her the job.

Why not give her the job? She could do it. And she would show me her knickers? Is that what she was saying?

'I don't think I quite follow you,' I lied.

'Well,' she continued. 'as I've said I want the job and I'm prepared to wear any kind of underwear you like during office hours. It's as simple as that.'

PLASTIC KNICKERS

Thinking about it I tried to convince myself that it wasn't that unusual. In lots of other jobs, poorer paid ones at that, girls had to wear uniforms, often designed by men, often very unflattering and even uncomfortable. And this 'uniform', wouldn't even be seen, except, hopefully, by me. But even so...plastic knickers...was she serious?

I shook my head in disbelief. The daft thing was I would have given her the job anyway.

She smiled, 'I don't think you believe me do you?'

She took her hands away from between her legs, giving me a very brief flash, then she stood up and pulled her skirt down. I was disappointed, I thought she was about to leave.

'Are you serious?' I asked, not wanting the idea dropped now.

'Let me give you a demonstration.' So saying

she turned round so she was standing about three feet away with her back towards me.

'I'll show you the back' she said calmly, 'these things are semi-transparent and I'd like to retain some modesty...'

'You mean you're wearing them right now?' I gasped. A fantasy was being acted out right before my very eyes. I wondered if she knew what this was doing to me. There was no turning back now, my eyes were fixed firmly on her bottom and I think I was pretty close to fainting.

'Ready?' she asked, glancing over her shoulder.

She reached behind her and placed her palms flat on the back of her thighs over the skirt.

READY

'Ready', I breathed.

She gathered the material of her skirt in her hands and slowly pulled and worked the tight fabric right up to her waist, exposing her underwear.

She was indeed wearing a pair of medium size incontinence pants made from soft, thin white plastic. The design of these pants is that they are made fairly large as they are meant to have absorbent liners underneath. They are nothing like the modern bikini-briefs that girls wear nowadays in that they do not have the cut-away legs and they are fairly high-waisted. As a result, the pants in question enveloped this young lady quite securely from the tops of her legs to just about her waist. The tightly elasticated legs and waistband ensured that no air could get into the pants, which was obvious from the way they were sticking to her bottom.

All too soon she flipped her skirt down again and sat down.

'Jesus Christ,' was all I could say softly. 'Well, do I get the job?' She looked a bit flushed. 'Yes,' I said, 'start at 9am tomorrow...but tell me how long have you had those pants on?'

'All day actually...well, since about ten o'clock this

morning. I wanted to see whether I would be able to stand them for a whole day.'

This was a big turn-on for me. I hoped I could get her to talk freely about her underwear.

'What do they feel like?' I ventured.

She stood up momentarily, reached under her skirt and re-adjusted them as though I had reminded her of her discomfort. Then she sat down again. She kept crossing and uncrossing her legs as we talked. I hadn't noticed her doing this before, she must have been very uncomfortable.

'Well they are uncomfortable. After an hour or so you get used to them though, and I've found today that they haven't got any worse after several hours than they were after one hour. They stick to me though, especially when I've been sitting down. Then when I stand up I tend to pull at them to get them off my bottom. I'd better try and get out of that habit, it might be embarrassing when other people are around.'

'No,' she summarised, 'they're not unbearable. I suppose if I am just sitting thinking about how sticky I am inside them I'd get pretty fed up, but as long as I'm doing something to take my mind off them then I think I'll manage O.K.'

She shuffled around on the chair, and said, 'I'm a bit fed up with them now actually, but it is time to finish work so I will soon be able to take them off won't I'

'Of course,' I assured her, 'what you do or wear in your own time is entirely upto you.'

'HOT' PANTS

'Right then,' she stood up 'can I go now?' I bet she was dying to get out of those hot pants. 'Yes of course,' I opened the door for her.

'See you tomorrow then.' 'Yes, goodnight.'

I watched her walk along the street, savouring the notion that I was going to dictate what kind of underwear a nineteen year old girl was going to wear. I couldn't believe my luck. After years of fantasising, a facility had

suddenly been offered to me that many single men could only dream about.

But there was more to it than that, I reflected as I drove home. I realised I really liked the girl. There was an endearing sort of simplicity and directness about her that was almost child-like at times, yet, paradoxically she also seemed to have a very capable, self assured air about her just at the right moment. And, surprisingly when I considered the scene enacted just a short while ago, there was nothing sluttish or common about her. She had showed me her knickers in a strange, matter of fact, even innocent way like a child at the doctor's, not like some nymphomaniac giving me the easy lay.

It really was tremendously exciting. Yes, I was looking forward to tomorrow, though I knew my concentration would never be quite the same as long as she was around.

I had a sleepless night, thinking about her. She really had made an impression on me, and not just because of her underwear. I was glad when it was time to get up and go to work. I arrived earlier than usual as she did not have a key to the office and I would have to let her in, also, and more important, if we were both there before the boss I could have a quick check of her underwear. After all, we had made a deal and I was going to see she stuck to it. 'Bad word,' I told myself.

Actually, I thought as I drove to the office, I hoped she wouldn't wear the mini-skirt for work. It would be too distracting for me, and the boss would think I had just hired her for her looks. And anyway, I didn't need to see her legs...I could get all the kicks I needed just from the knowledge that she was wearing waterproof undies.

DEMURE

I needn't have worried. She arrived, on time, dressed demurely in a medium length skirt and smart white blouse.

'Good morning' I beamed. 'Hello,' she smiled.

She looked very attractive. Different somehow to yesterday, perhaps it was her hair, yes she had swept it back from her face which made her face look slightly rounder but more appealing somehow, like a small child, innocent and eager to please.

'There's only us two here at present,' I hinted, 'my senior partner won't be in till about nine thirty.'

'Oh', she said. She seemed a bit nervous. I looked at her expectantly. There was a pause, then she realized and said, 'Oh yes, of course, you...you er want to check me over?'

I nodded. It was going to be even better than yesterday somehow, to be invited to look under that prim little secretary's ensemble. She started fidgetting with her hands, and became very embarrassed. However, she took hold of the hem of her skirt.

'No' I stopped her, 'Not here, we'd better go into the rest room in case someone comes in.'

She followed me into the rest room and I shut the door.

'Do you want to see the front or the back?' She asked. 'I've seen the back,' I told her.

Obediently she reached down and lifted the front of her dress right up, showing her lovely legs, and, of course the same, or similar plastic pants as before.

'Could you, er, just move your legs apart slightly?' I asked her.

I thought that I would have been able to see through the loose, semi-transparent plastic where it was gathered between her legs, but there seemed to be a sort of panel in this area where the plastic was a bit thicker. Unless she was wearing something underneath.

She obliged me by standing with her legs further apart. This tightened the material over her pubic area, and I could just see the faint outline of what I was looking for, in the centre of an area that was, of course much darker than the remainder of that covered by the pants.

'Are these the same ones

as yesterday?' I asked. 'Yesterday's covering seemed more see-through.'

'No, I put some different ones on today' she admitted, 'these are similar, but they have a panel at the front and back to hold the absorbent liners.' 'Is that all right?'

'Yes that's okay...er, are you wearing anything underneath the pants though?'

NOTHING UNDERNEATH

'No, I didn't think that was allowed.' She was amazingly subservient. A real natural submissive. I could foresee a great future for this relationship. I suspected that there was more to her willingness to wear the pants than just to get the job.

I completed my inspection of her knickers, which you would think would be terribly embarrassing for her but she didn't seem to mind. Not that she was brazen or shameless, she just made it seem quite normal somehow, like showing the teacher an essay she had written and listening attentively while he appraised it.

While she dutifully held her dress aloft, I noted that the inside of her pants was already misted with her girlish perspiration, even though she had probably had them on only an hour or so. One could only imagine the heady, female-scented atmosphere that the cruel plastic would generate as it sealed and confined her charms for the next eight hours.

How I longed to put my hand inside and feel for myself the effects of such a garment, or to touch and rub her through the thin material and possibly add to the girlish secretions which would remain trapped within.

However, the telephone was ringing, there was work to be done, and we just re-assembled ourselves in the main office in time before the boss came in. From then until lunch-time it was all work. There was typing to be done, for me and for the boss, which she performed splendidly, and then there were various office routines

such as wages and book-keeping which I was to teach her to do.

OBEDIENT

She really was a most endearing and charming young lady, and she was keen and willing to learn or do anything she was told. She was subservient and very obedient, but not stupid, and she had a way of letting her natural cheerful personality shine through, even whilst busily learning or performing her office duties.

In short, she proved to be an absolute treasure. By the end of the first week the boss and I wondered how we had managed without her. Also it was good for me to have company in the office, as the boss goes out a lot, and she proved to be an excellent companion. We were often very busy in the office, and there is nothing worse than somebody who chatters away all the time, but it was never like that with Mandy. We had a sort of rapport right from the start, with me teasing her or making a joke if she made a mistake, not that she made mistakes all that often. We concentrated hard on our work when we had to, then we'd have little impromptu breaks for a chat and a cup of tea or coffee.

ROUTINE

So, things settled into a comfortable routine. Well, perhaps not quite so comfortable for her, considering the 'uniform' she was obliged to wear. She dutifully continued to wear her plastic pants day after day without complaint. I hardly needed to check to see if she was wearing them, but I continued to make regular inspections when things were quiet in the office. She was always willing to discuss her underwear, and she told me that she had completely got used to the pants now and even quite liked the feeling of 'security' they gave her. Also she had lost some weight off her hips and bottom which pleased her. This was probably as a result

of being so hot inside them every day. I often wondered if it wouldn't be harmful for her body to be wrapped in plastic for such long periods but she said she hadn't suffered any ill-effects, other than the slight discomfort.

'After all,' she pointed out, 'lots of people have to wear these pants for the real reasons, so they can't be that bad for me.'

She now owned about half a dozen pairs of these pants, which she had bought with money I had given her. Sometimes she would put a pair on at home before she came to work or sometimes she would bring them to work and change into them in the toilet. At the end of the day she often changed out of them before going home and one day I got her to give me the pair she had been wearing all day, I gave her a plastic bag and asked her to put them inside and hand it to me after she had changed. I could hardly wait to get home with them and had a very exciting evening examining the inside of her knickers.

On the subject of evenings, mine were getting lonely and boring sometimes, so after a few weeks I asked Mandy to go out for a drink with me. It went very well and we went to a disco afterwards, ending up with us both being a bit hung-over the next morning. She really enjoyed it and we got on very well so we started courting on a regular basis.

CRUELTY

For me it was the start of a fantastic relationship. I soon became completely infatuated with her, and that has never happened to me before with any other girl. We were always together, and she must have liked me a lot, because she would do almost anything for me. As I've said, she is very submissive and she let me treat her very cruelly when I wanted to. She would wear any sort of clothing and underwear that I asked her to and I spent a fortune on kinky clothes and devices. One evening for example, we were in a disco and a girl

came in wearing a really short mini-skirt made of black plastic. I was really excited by this and resolved to buy one for Mandy the next day. Not only did Mandy agree to this, she even went over to ask the girl where she had bought it. She got one the next day and came to my house in the evening, wearing it and she looked fantastic.

Though I loved her, I couldn't resist being cruel to her, and sometimes I would really humiliate her and do things to make her really embarrassed and uncomfortable.

On one occasion, we were just sitting watching the television at my house. I was a bit bored so I turned to Mandy and said simply, 'stand up Mandy and take off your skirt please.' She took it off. She was wearing stockings and suspenders and a pair of nylon panties. 'Stay where you are' I told her. I went and got a broad leather belt and put it round her waist. I kept tightening the belt round her waist. She made no attempt to stop me, she looked uncomfortable but she said nothing and let me continue. I gradually tightened the belt until I couldn't get it any tighter and fastened it securely.

Her waist was drastically compressed and she was struggling to breathe properly.

GASPS

'Does that hurt?' I asked her. 'yes,' she gasped, 'why do I have to wear it so tight?'

'Because I want you to' I told her. 'I want to reduce your waist Mandy so you will wear this tight belt as long as I want you to.'

'It really hurts', she said pulling at the belt to try and loosen it.

'Stop it Mandy or I'll make it even tighter.'

She was silent.

I stood behind her for a few moments, looking at her superbly narrowed waist.

'Unfasten your brassiere,' I commanded, 'and then put your hands on your head and keep them there.'

I sat down on the settee and pulled her down on to a

stool in front of me so that she was sitting in between my legs with her back to me. I pulled her close to me and put a hand over each breast. She gave a little sigh and wriggled her bottom on the stool.

'Keep still!' I warned her, 'and keep your hands on your head.'

I began to massage her breasts, gently at first, then more firmly as she started to respond and move in rythum to the massaging and squeezing. As I did this I spoke softly in her ear, telling her to keep as still as possible, which was quite impossible for her of course, because she was getting very aroused.

After about ten minutes she was moaning softly and wriggling in ecstasy. I took my hands away from her breasts and turned her round on the stool. Her eyes were glazed and her face was flushed with excitement.

NAUGHTY GIRL

'Mmmm, she said dreamily, 'can I put my hands down now?' 'Not yet' I said. 'You've been a naughty girl, haven't you?'

'Mmmm, no' she pouted, 'I kept as still as I could, but it makes me feel all funny when you do that to me...oh and this belt's awful, can't I take it off now?'

'I'm not talking about that Mandy,' I said, 'I'm talking about your panties, look at your panties, Mandy, and then tell me you haven't been naughty.'

She looked down. Sure enough there was a damp patch that was spreading outwards from the gusset of her knickers.

'I know,' she sighed softly, 'I felt it happen. I'm sorry but I couldn't help it.' She loved to be humiliated like this. I started to rub her through her soaking wet knickers and she went wild.

'Take them off, take them off me,' she begged, 'Please!'

The game was now forgotten, except for the tight belt which was still in position. I wondered how she could breathe for it, especially in her excited state.

I made love to her with the belt still in place.

'You bastard,' she said softly, afterwards, 'I bet you really enjoyed feeling that belt fastened round me while we were doing that, didn't you?'

I was surprised at her language. 'Mandy!' I exclaimed, 'don't swear, it's very unlady-like. Really girl, you're going to have to learn some discipline.'

'Discipline.' She said mournfully, 'I hate that word...it usually means I'm in for something very uncomfortable.'

And how right she was. In the months that followed, Mandy was disciplined, and it proved to be very uncomfortable...

...To be continued.
K.M. of Cleveland.

P.S. If not interested in publishing the written text, can I respectfully suggest that a photo-sequence with one of your lovely models depicting the story would look fantastic.

We'd love to see the rest of the story, K.M., and promise to illustrate it with exactly the right kind of pictures and the right kind of girl.

AT HOME

Dear Editor,

As an occasional reader of Blushes, I happened to see your Issue 15. I was amazed at the letter from Edna-Maria H. of Bonn as I thought that I must be the only person in the world who was treated without any regard to modesty or privacy. At twenty five, I am a little older than her daughter and it is not my parents but Uncle John and Auntie Mary who 'Keep me in order.' It is Uncle who buys Blushes and it is his copy I am sometimes able to read.

It is several years since I made a break of living on my own and was invited into this house. My Aunt approves of Uncle's actions in disciplining me. Although she does not take part, she is often around to see what is happening. She smiles

gently at my distress and says that it is only what I deserve.

EXPECTED

It was made clear to me before I went to live with them that discipline and obedience to Uncle's ways was to be expected. First of all, I must never lock a bathroom or bedroom door when I am inside. Someone, usually Uncle, may want to come in to see what I am up to, or how I am getting on. My state of dress or undress does not matter. Quite often Uncle will come in while I am having a bath and make sure that I am washing myself properly. This is the one time that I would rather have private and to myself. He will make me stand up in the bath and wash between my legs and in my bottom which he watches.

Auntie regularly goes through my drawers to ensure that I have not bought anything which has not been approved. I did once buy myself some nylon briefs but I could not sit down comfortably for a week after they were found. A reminder was given to my bottom for the following four nights and I do not want to go through that again.

What am I punished for? Even at my age there are many things that I can do wrong. Being cheeky or rude, leaving my room untidy, being unladylike (that covers a awful lot) wetting my knickers or getting brown stains in them, not getting up when I am called, disobedience and worst of all telling lies.

Unlike Edna Maria's daughters, I am not shaved as part of my punishment. I am kept free of pubic hair all the time. At one time I was allowed to shave myself, but after being accused of not doing it properly two or three times, Uncle took over the task himself. Once a fortnight, on every other Sunday evening, Uncle tells me to fetch the shaving gear. A shaving brush and razor, a towel, a bowl of hot water, a flannel and after shave lotion.

Off comes my dress and my knickers, leaving me in

WIDE APART

my petticoat and, for the moment, with my secrets hidden — but not for long. I have to put the towel at the edge of the table, to leave half of it hanging down. Lifting my petticoat at the back, I have to sit on the towel at the edge of the table and lie back lifting up my legs. My bottom is on the towel and my legs are high and wide apart where I have to hold them.

Standing below me, Uncle has a good view of, and access to every private part of me. At least I wish it was private. Like that I have no secrets. He washes me and dries me with the end of the towel hanging down. Then he soaps the area with the shaving brush. Its only a fortnight between each shaving, so there is no great bush just a stubble beginning to grow. The razor comes into me and I am bald and smooth once more. The soap is washed away and the area dried. Then the after shave is applied on the area. I don't know what eau-de-cologne feels like, but it can't be as bad as after shave lotion. I know I wriggle and squirm as it is being applied. I can't help it. The stinging is dreadful, especially when it gets in places that it was never intended for. Its very difficult not to hold onto yourself when it is stinging like mad down there, but it looks so unladylike that I try very hard not to do it. Not always successfully, I must add. Tears run down my face whether or not I hold between my legs. When I calm down, I am allowed to dress again properly. It won't be long before I am sent to bed whatever the time.

As for punishment, that can be at any time. Especially bought for me, is a 'good' school cane. It is kept in my bedroom hanging on the dressing table mirror. I'm told that it is there as a constant reminder of what can happen to me and it certainly is. When informed that I am to be caned, I have to undress and then fetch it. Undressing means taking off my frock or skirt and blouse.

I do still have a petticoat on, but no woman likes walking around the house in her underwear. Standing in front of Uncle, he tells me what my punishment is to be. It's usually something like four on each hand and twelve on my bottom. Often I start to cry at that point and he pats my shoulder saying something like 'there-there you'll feel better when it is all over'. At that I am expected to kiss the cane and put it on the table ready for it to be used later.

UNCLE'S WHIMS

How long I have to wait depends on Uncle's whims. I sometimes have to do a few jobs like laying the table for a meal or doing some dusting and cleaning. Occasionally it is the ironing that needs doing. I have even had to sit through a meal with the cane in front of my place. My table manners have to be immaculate if I am to avoid further strokes. The time for caning is getting close when I am sent to stand facing the wall. Hands on head like a little school girl, I wait in trepidation for the rattle of the cane as Uncle picks it up.

Pulled to the middle of the room, I hold out one hand at a time. He gives me two on each palm before I change hands. I dare not move my hands, but I cannot help bringing my knees up in anguish. My hands feel as though they are on fire when he has finished. There are a number of things a girl can do with her hands in that condition. She can blow on them, hold them trapped between her knees or thighs, put them in opposite armpits or put them gently on the curve of her bottom or her breasts. I have tried all and some seem to help very much.

CORRECTION TIME

A few minutes and it is correction time. Lifting my petticoat, I have to get into our arm chair facing the back. My knees are spread, one on each arm and I lean forward and over with the

back supporting my hips. It is a most undignified position and its not easy to find anything to hold onto. I always need help getting up afterwards. Uncle folds my petticoat well up over my shoulders and I am ready. Wide open and thoroughly ashamed of myself, it seems to be what Uncle wants.

BOTTOM UP

I feel my bottom being tapped with the cane as Uncle takes aim. That waiting period always makes me twitch. Then there is a pause as the cane is lifted. How I manage to keep myself positioned during that second or two, I do not know. Any boy or girl who has been punished with a cane or strap will know what I mean. The orders are to keep your bottom up and you know that it will only be worse if you don't, but you are in a position of offering your rear end for a stinging attack on it. How I wish that I had never misbehaved in the first place.

The first stroke swishes down and the awful stinging starts. My comfort has gone and there will be pain and smarting in my rump for the next hour or so. Very often it will be sore for some time. The shock is never over before the second stroke arrives and at that I start to cry. As the caning continues my bottom starts to swerve. I can't help it, but it brings quiet little commands from Uncle like 'keep it still girl' or 'Get your bottom up, good.'

HOWLING

At last it is finished, I can climb off the chair, howling and wiping the tears from my face whenever I can let go of my bottom for a moment. If I could run and hide in my own room it would not be so bad, but I have to last out that agony with Auntie and Uncle watching my antics and contortions. Hands trying to comfort a sore bottom.

No top clothes and now no knickers, I go back to the wall as soon as I have

regained a little of my composure. I must stay very still until they decide it is time for me to go to bed. It can be any time during the evening from about 7pm onwards. Someone will fetch a nightdress for me. Not a long one but a transparent baby doll sort. The type that have panties to go with them, but I'm not allowed the knickers. In front of them I have to change into that, ready to go upstairs.

HUGS AND KISSES

Before I go, I give Uncle and Auntie a big hug and kiss. I do love them despite it all. Both pat my bottom, bare of course because my nightie is so short. Thanking Uncle for my punishment is automatic and somehow I really do mean it. Carrying my clothes and the cane, I go up to bed. I shall have to spend the night lying on my tummy. Uncle will come in to inspect my bottom when he goes to bed but if I am fast asleep I shall not even feel him lift the bedclothes as he does so. It is all over and there will be a fresh start the next day, but of course the other embarrassments and humiliation are always there.

I seem to have rambled on and written a very long letter. Perhaps it should have been shorter, but that is just how it came out of my mind. Uncle and Auntie knew that I am writing this letter to you and are quite happy about it. They ask me to tell you that girls and young women are only as big as they act and should be treated accordingly. I cannot say I disagree, but I wish that they realised that I am grown up now.

Yours sincerely
Anonymous

ACTUALLY PUNISHED

Dear Sir,

I have noticed a letter in a recent issue which referred back to a letter in an earlier issue, discussing a young typist who was spanked by

her employer. A photograph appeared with this letter, of a girl bent across a desk with her knickers down. The editor's comment says that you would appreciate more material of a similar nature, so I wonder if you would be interested in more of the enclosed photos, taken surreptitiously so far as the girl is concerned, although with the knowledge of the gentleman. I have several hundred, the subject being the same girl although photographed on numerous different occasions. I should mention that the girl is actually being punished; the pictures are in no way posed.

Would you be interested too, in an account of the circumstances under which the photos were obtained? I am a keen amateur photographer and could also give some details as to how the pictures were taken, bearing in mind the obvious need for secrecy in the taking. I imagine that you would not require a Model Release Form to be signed, since the girl was unaware of the camera; I am afraid that in any case I would be unable to supply one.

Perhaps you would consider making an offer for prints of my collection, even if you do not wish me to write anything.

R.M.A. Bedfordshire

Readers are advised that an offer has been made, and an agreement concluded with R.M.A., and his photos will be published some time in March, together with the full background to the story.

Early Warning

'How old are you, Mann?' The gowned figure looks sternly at the girl at her side.

'Sixteen, Miss.' Pale cheeks,



soft, light brown hair. A picture of innocence in her white blouse, with tie, short pleated grey skirt, white ankle socks and black shoes. Those shoes had two-inch heels; it was a concession to girls over 16. All those under that age had to wear flat heels.

'Over the age of consent,' said the Form Mistress heavily. 'However, that does not imply licence. You are still, in most people's eyes, no more than a child. Certainly you are not an adult. You reach that status at 18. Until that age you are under someone's control. A parent or guardian; or, in your case a School.'

'I know, Miss.' The reply was a little too pert.

'Don't be cheeky with me, Joanne. You're in no position...'

'Oh, I wouldn't be cheeky, Miss'. The girl looked as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth but Carole Reeves, Form Mistress of the Upper Fifth, knew there was another side to the girl. She had a stubborn core to her; a natural instinct to fight the establishment.

'What, may I ask, were you doing with a boy from Griffin's School — in a park shelter at five o'clock in the evening?' she enquired superciliously.

Pale cheeks flushed slightly. 'We were just talking...'

'Talking!' It was a kind of snort. 'The Prefect who saw you said you were clasping each other. Behaving in a fashion far beyond your years.'

'It...it's not true, Miss...really... he may have...well...just touched me.'

'Touched you! I wonder where.' The Form Mistress's demeanour was stern. 'Apart from that, you know at this time of year, you are not allowed out of school grounds after 4.30 p.m.'

'I'm sorry, Miss. I quite forgot the time...'

'Mind on other things eh? Like meeting a boy and...and...well, I can only describe it as behaving indecently.'

'There was nothing indecent!' The girl looked suddenly indignant. Resentful. She pouted and tears clouded her eyes. How unfair it was. Tony was such a nice boy. Admittedly he did kiss and fondle her gently at times, but he was no serious groper. That was why she liked him so much. Liked him? Sometimes Joanne told herself she loved him. That made her feel weak at the knees and hot in some most exciting places.

'Your attitude does not impress me, Joanne,' said her Form Mistress. 'You do not show the slightest regret for your behaviour. Breaking School rules, consorting with boys...it really





is quite intolerable. I am afraid I shall have no option but to punish you. Since you are in the school's charge. If it were otherwise, the matter could be reported to your mother. As it is, we are in loco parentis.'

'P-punish me?' the young voice was quavering.

'That's right, Joanne,' replied Miss Reeves. 'I am going to spank you. I think it the best thing for your age...especially when a girl has committed such an offence as you have.'

'There was no...no...offence...'

'Don't argue! Get across my knees. In fact, Joanne, you deserve a caning. And, if this happens again, you'll get it!'

'Oh...Miss...please...no...this... this is awful...I mean...I'm not a kid anymore...'

'Your behaviour indicates that! Now, come along, over my knees. At once!'

'Please, Miss...can't I please do Detentions?'

Miss Reeves smiled sardonically. 'Under the circumstances, not appropriate,' she stated. 'Now, for the last time, get across my knees. Otherwise, I shall send for Prefects.'

The girl went pale at that. The shame of being punished in front of others! With a sudden movement, she placed herself across her Form Mistress's knees...and at once found her wrists clasped together and twisted upwards. 'Oh...that hurts!'

'But not as much as this.' Miss Reeves yanked down a pair of white knickers and at once began to smack the tautly-rounded bottom exposed. She smiled happily to herself as her victim began to kick and wriggle in pain. Frankly, there was nothing she enjoyed more than giving a young girl a damn good hiding. It was simply a pity there were so few opportunities. Well, now she had one. A girl totally in the school's charge; a girl who had grievously erred. Broken school rules...and actually had been caught necking with a boy. She deserved all she was going to get. And that was going to be plenty!

With relish, Miss Reeves slapped and slapped and slapped. She had always thought this Joanne a cheeky little monkey...now she was in a position to pull her up sharp. To teach her once and for all.

'You will not break our Rules...' smack, smack, smack, 'you will not play around with boys...' smack.

'Oh ow...I didn't...ow...I didn't do anything...!'

'Didn't do anything! I should hope not!' Smack, smack. 'But he was kissing and mauling you. The Prefect said so...' smack, smack.

Joanne had no answer. She knew

she had been kissed and mauled. And had thoroughly enjoyed it. Now she had to pay the price. She clenched her teeth and sought to defy her Form Mistress. But she couldn't check the floods of tears. Nor suppress the bitterness at what was happening. Supposing Tony could see her at that moment! How abysmally shaming! She was being treated like a ten-year-old, not a mature young woman. It was abominable. Abominable! And, above all, it hurt!

It hurt like Hell.

Smack...smack...smack! Oh help...help...would this awful woman never stop?

'Are we going to have any more of this outrageous behaviour from you?'

'No....Miss...I swear it!'

'I should hope not!'

Miss Reeves was beginning to perspire. And to tire. The girl's bottom now looked like two red blanchmanges quivering close together. A good job had been done. By the way the girl was yelling and pleading you could tell that. Oh yes, over-early sexual forwardness had definitely to be checked. It was right...oh yes, it was **right**!

Miss Reeves continued to smack that clenching, contorting, naked bottom till her own hand seemed to be on fire. She fell back, releasing the girl, feeling the contentment of a duty well done. Yes, indeed, she may have saved this girl's moral character...prevented her from embarking on a life of misery. That was what good teachers were for. Miss Reeves was profoundly satisfied with what she had done.

Meanwhile, Joanne continued to sob chokingly, over her knees. No doubt at all the girl was truly suffering. That was as it should be. She deserved to. 'You may stand up, Joanne,' said Miss Reeves. It was more of an order than a suggestion. Gasping out with pain, Joanne got to her feet and stood weeping unashamedly before the Form Mistress. A hand clamped to her quivering bottom. 'O-oh...ahhh...it hurts so...' she gasped out.

Miss Reeves smiled. 'I'm glad to hear it, Joanne,' she said sweetly.

'That is the point of punishment. To **hurt**!' She smiled again, condescendingly now. 'So...unless you want a good caning...may I suggest you stay away from boys from now on?'

'Yes Miss...'

'Not try to behave like a woman before we are one, eh?'

'No...no...Miss...'

Miss Reeves inclined her head graciously. 'I am glad you understand, Joanne,' she said. Then her features hardened again. 'But let



me tell you, if you're caught in the same situation as last time, this spanking will seem like a summer holiday. I shall cane that bottom of yours until you can't stand. Got it?'

Great gulps, mouth open, breasts heaving. Joanne had definitely got the message. 'Yes...yes...Miss...' Joanne, bright and perky, loving to put out a tongue at her teachers — or

raise two fingers — was, for the time being, quite defeated. Her bottom felt as if it had been roasted over a fire and, beyond that, the very idea of being caned by Miss Reeves was quite, quite terrifying.

She **knew**, right then and there, for the next two years, boys were out.

Even darling Tony.

AMONG MY SOUVENIRS



The graffiti had been put on the wall with a paint-sprayer. It usually was these days. Its colour was dark green and it stood out starkly against the white-washed wall of the changing room. In some places the paint had run, making dribble marks. A pretty clumsy effort, he thought. Typical of those saucy sixth formers. However, he had to admit the message was straight to the

point. It stated baldly:-

Harvey Does *Not* Rule. O.K.!

Well, maybe I don't, he said to himself, but I'm doing my damndest. A group like he'd been given was no easy matter to handle. His mind roved over the various members of his 18 strong class. Who was most likely to have scrawled this message? Hilary? Mavis? Sharon? Mmm...Sharon was a distinct possibility. Cheeky as they come. Could have been Joanne, though. She looked mean and sullen. This was just the sort of trick she might get up to.

The point was, how was he ever going to find out who had done it?

And, if he did, what was he going to be able to do about it?

* * * *

Finding out turned out to be absurdly easy. There seems to be a 'grass' in every stratum of society and a school is no exception. The following afternoon, when tidying up after hours, he found a typed note in one corner of his desk drawer.

'If you look in Sarah's desk (it stated), you'll find what's left of the green paint. It was she what done it. We dared her to.'

Typical sixth form grammar, he reflected sourly. So it was Sarah, was it? That was rather surprising. She was one of the quieter ones; on the bright side, too. Perhaps they'd made her do it. Threatened her. He certainly wouldn't have put it past them. Well, he would find out, sooner or later.

* * * *

'Sarah, I want you to stay behind after the rest of the class has left.'

The girl coloured and bit her lower lip. There were some subdued wolf-whistles. Then they all clattered out, short skirts swinging, hair flying. Blonde, brown, black. Thank God another day was over. Nearly, anyway.

'Come out here, Sarah...'

The girl's hair was dark, her eyes light brown. She was quite tall with a figure which showed excellent promise for one of sixteen years. As he'd often noticed, there was an intensity about her and she was inclined to tremble for no particular reason. She was trembling at that moment. Nice long legs she had.

'It has been brought to my attention, Sarah — and I won't reveal in exactly what fashion — that

you were foolish enough to spray a graffito all over one of the changing room walls.'

Colour seeped into those soft cheeks; the fair head drooped a little. 'They made me...do it...sir...' she whispered.

'Made you? I don't understand.' He did, of course. 'You should have reported the matter to me...'

'They *made* me do it,' she repeated in a small voice.

Probably they did, he thought. On the other hand, a girl of her age could be cunningly deceitful. Often enough before he had been deceived by honeyed words and innocent-looking eyes. Still, he had to make a decision. Also, it was about time he made an example. This looked like a moment when he could bolster his authority. Such as it was.

'I shall have to report this matter to the Head,' he said positively, wondering at the same time if he were doing the right thing. This girl hadn't got the hardness of some of the others. There was a vulnerability about her. 'And your mother of course.'

'Oh! Oh not...not my mother...'

'I'm afraid so, Sarah.'

The girl began to cry softly and went on pleading. He began to feel his resolution ebbing but then thought of all the advantages of making an example of her while he had an ideal opportunity. Bad luck on her if it were true she had been threatened by her schoolmates. Still, that was life. Sod's law. Andrew Harvey knew all about that.

* * * *

'I am sorry about this, Mr Harvey. It would never have happened in my day. When I was at school.'

Was she praising herself or criticising today's system, he wondered. Sarah's mum was a taller, harder-looking version of her daughter. Thin-lipped and ungenerous.

'The Head is taking a very serious view,' he said. 'Thinking of expelling her.'

'I'm not surprised. In my day, the girl would have got a good hiding...and that would have been the end of it.'

Andrew Harvey was taken aback. 'you...you mean you think your daughter deserves corporal punishment?' he asked tentatively.

'Certainly!' came a snapping response. 'I had it myself and

though I didn't like it of course, it did me good in the long run.'

'I see...I see...' Andrew Harvey pursed his lips. Happy little visions were percolating into his mind. 'Best if I have a word with the Head.'

'You do that, Mr Harvey.'

'And you'd have no objection...'

'Mr Harvey, you — and your Head — are in charge of school discipline. I shall leave the matter entirely to you. My daughter is not a bad girl but this is a time in her life when stupid, anti-social behaviour should be corrected.'

He stood up, head buzzing a little. For the first time in his educational career he was getting the kind of directive he needed. 'I think we understand each other then, Mrs Blake.'

'I think we do, Mr Harvey. Good afternoon.'

He left the small terraced house feeling strangely elated. Now there was only the Head to be persuaded. Luckily, they got on well.

* * * *

The Head fingered puppling, jowelled, cheeks. 'Her mother seriously suggested corporal punishment?'

'That is correct, Head. In fact, she seemed rather keen on the idea.'

'Would she put it in writing?'

'Oh yes, I'm sure she would.'

'Get her to do that, Harvey. Then proceed.'

'I'll send her to you then, Head...'

'Oh no, Harvey...this is a matter I want you to handle personally. Member of your class, isn't she? Rumour has it they're getting a little out of hand.'

Andrew Harvey felt himself colouring at the implied criticism. At the same time, he felt that sense of elation again.

'Leave it to me then, Head.'

The Head nodded, smiling egregiously. 'I'll do that, Harvey' he said. 'And hope to see better behaviour in future.'

Bastard, thought Andrew, as he closed the door. Shuffling his responsibilities again. Now, if I had *real* authority, that sixth form would run like clockwork!

* * * *

They were alone in the changing rooms in the late afternoon. It seemed an appropriate place for the punishment to be administered. The

offending message had been well scrubbed but you could still see its faint outline. All was very quiet; only the occasional thump-thump of a heating boiler could be heard.

'I managed to stop the Head expelling you.'

'Th-thank you, sir.' She was rather a sweet thing, really. Yes, she could well be a victim. A kind of sacrificial victim — for the good of the sixth. Unfair, maybe, but it was too late to turn back now.

'All the same, you have to be punished for such a stupid offence.'

A big sob. 'But they made me do it.' Tears were beginning to trickle. Andrew's doubts about the justice of what he was going to do increased, but he thrust them aside firmly. She could just as well be trying to deceive him.

'Your mother has agreed to what has been arranged by the Head.'

She looked startled. 'Arranged? w-what do you mean!'

'I mean, Sarah,' he said slowly, 'that for your anti-social conduct, you are to be caned.'

'Caned! Oh no...noooo...' A young face was buried in hands. Great heaving sobs came. It was quite genuinely touching.

'I'm afraid so, Sarah. *Everyone* has agreed on it. Best accept.'

'Oh...this is a-awful! It's not fair, it's not my fault!'

'So you say. But I only have your word for it. No one else has come forward.'

There was now an unmistakable note of satisfaction in his voice. 'I advise you to accept what you have earned yourself without too much fuss.'

'Oh...o-ooohh...must I...must I?'

'Yes Sarah, I'm afraid you must. Otherwise the long-term consequences might be far worse.'

* * * *

The cane might have been something of a problem. But the Head obligingly — and unexpectantly — produced one.

'I want you to kneel on this trestle stool, Sarah.' The girl was very pale but somehow resolute. 'I am going to give you six strokes.'

'O-oh...it's not right...'

'No one will ever know. This is just between you and me. Better than being expelled, isn't it?'

The only answer had been a series of muffled sobs, with hand to quivering mouth. She knelt on the rickety wooden stool, hands

at the towel rail before her. 'Y-you... sh-shouldn't...'

'Lift your skirt up, Sarah.'

Would she do it, he wondered? But his order was complied with surprisingly quickly — revealing a pair of thin, navy briefs clinging to a well-proportioned young bottom. He rather wished its owner had been Sharon or Joanne. It would have given him a great deal more satisfaction. Still, he couldn't exactly complain. What he was about to do would partially compensate for many years of humiliation at the hands of the sixth. He gazed with satisfaction at the taut curves.

'Now, Sarah, you will take those knickers down.' The words came out almost before they'd formed in his head. He hadn't really made up his mind to say them. Once they were out, he didn't for a moment think they would be obeyed.

'O-ohh...you are...are a h-horrible man...'

To his astonishment, two slim hands began to push down the briefs. Delight and a sense of power pulsated through him as the naked, young bottom was revealed. 'For that piece of impertinence, Sarah,' he heard himself saying, 'you will receive two extra.' He felt quite remarkably in command. My God, was this really all happening? 'And, don't forget, your mother thoroughly approves of this punishment.' He said it to re-assure himself of the situation as much as anything.

The cane swayed in his hand. He mustn't be too violent, but on the other hand there was no point in being namby-pamby. Pity he hadn't got much experience in such matters. Just how much could a girl of 16 take?

He laid on a wristy cut — not too hard — but hard enough to raise a pink twin-tracked weal running centrally across both buttocks and cause the girl to clasp both hands quickly to it as she gave way to a loud, gasping sound.

'Hands away, Sarah.' Once again he experienced that heady sense of power as the hands came away and gripped the towel rail again.

'O-ohh...this...i-is...a-awful...'

The bottom flinched away just as the second stroke was descending, causing the weal to run more diagonally than horizontally. This annoyed him slightly because he had planned to lay all eight strokes straight across the tight-curving bottom. Still the reaction was pleasing. Once again hands clamped

urgently as the girl squirmed, gasping out breathlessly. But once again those hands came away when he gave the order. He remembered something her mother had said about being 'tougher than she looks'. It seemed she was right, for it occurred to him that she had not yet actually cried out. Pride? Stubbornness? Or just plain guts?

He laid on the next two strokes slightly harder and in fairly rapid succession. This time he did get a couple of anguished yelps out of her and, after the fourth cut, she twisted right off the stool down to the floor.

'Hurting, is it, Sarah?'

'Mmmmf...uuurrr...yes...oh... yes...'

'It's meant to! Hands away...and back on the stool.'

Most reluctantly the girl complied. Ah, he thought, if only I could deal with all the sixth like this! Hilary, Mavis, Sharon, Joanne, the lot! He imagined a row of naked posteriors presented like this one. The nates clenching with anticipatory dread like Sarah's were. Lovely! He'd soon have all of them feeding out of his hand.

Another cut. Then another. They were making her yell alright now. And squirm frantically. That was good. You could see how she was suffering. 'That was the original punishment, Sarah,' he said. 'Now you get two more for insulting me a second time. Thank your lucky stars it isn't six more!'

Andrew Harvey gave the girl two really vicious cuts, one straight after the other...and there she was screaming on the rough wooden floor, kicking and twisting uncontrollably. Most satisfying, he thought. It would be a long time, he reckoned, before the girl even contemplated getting hold of an aerosol spray, let alone using one.

'When you've stopped that noise, you can go,' he said peremptorily. Tucking the cane under his jacket, he watched the girl get on to her knees and grab at her little white knickers. But her kicking had ripped them and she petulently kicked them away into the corner before running out, hands clamping to the back of her skirt.

Andrew Harvey picked up the discarded garment and tucked it into his pocket. It would make a memorable souvenir for many a year. And with luck — and the Head's permission — there could well be several more such souvenirs to join it!

SORRY WE ASKED

Dear Editor,

In response to your solicitation of my opinion of the photographs which you sent me, I shall state my detailed criticisms.

In the first place, I think it unseemly that any young woman should be punished in a bathroom-cum-lavatory. Her indignity is surely sufficient at being punished at all.

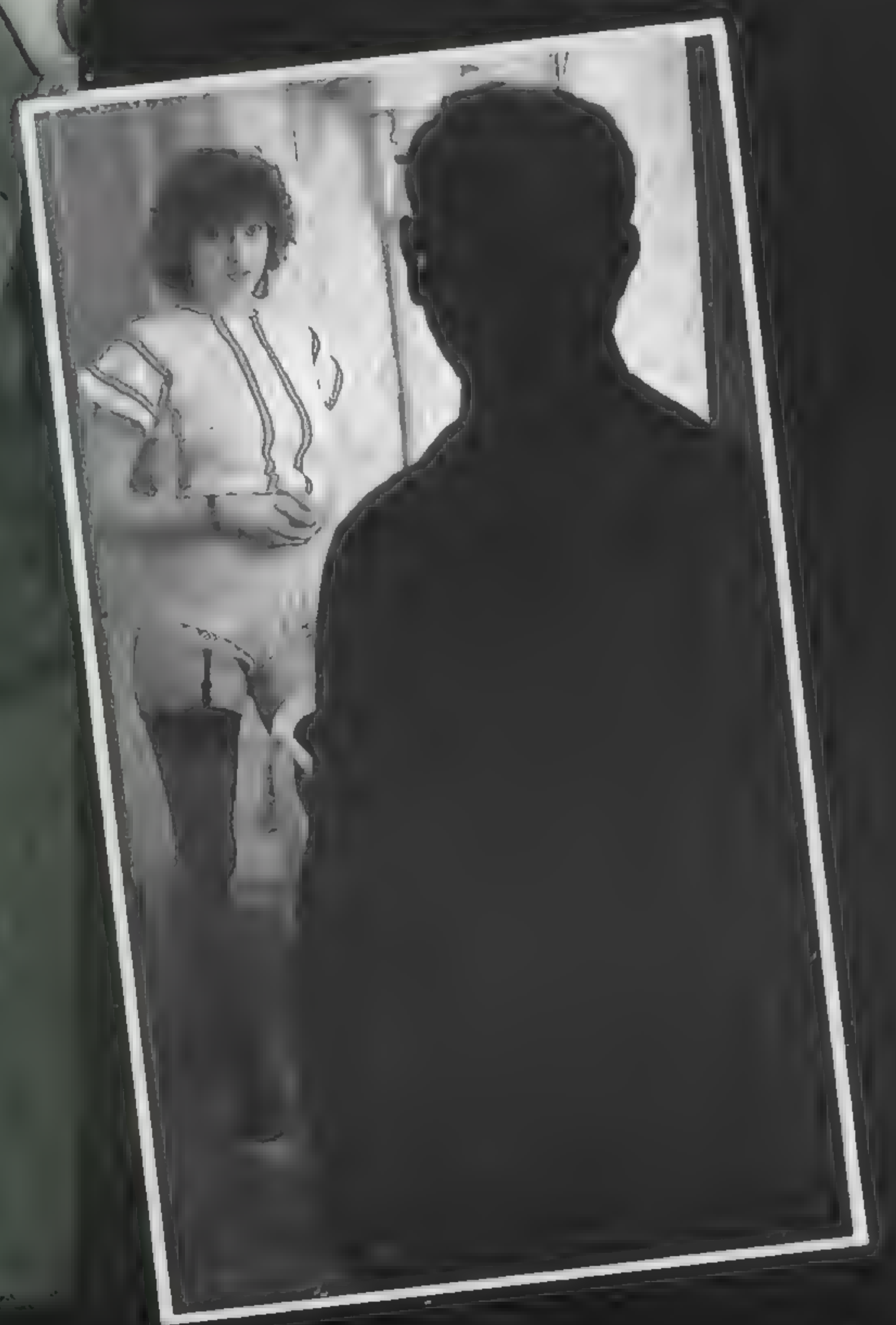
Why over lard it with these sordid surroundings? In my view a special room should be set aside for punish-





ments. Ideally, this room should be bare-walled and should contain a firm table or desk, a trestle stool and a solid leather chair of the old-fashioned kind. All these are most suitable for placing the culprit upon to receive her just desserts.

I do not consider a towel-rail a suitable object over which a girl should be placed for punishment. It is neither stout enough nor strong





enough to withstand her contortions
 if the punishment is of any sort
 of severity. Admittedly the object
 raises the girl's hindquarters
 admirably but that is not everything
 The object over which the girl is
 placed must be capable of with-
 standing a considerable degree of
 violence. A girl being thrashed can
 become exceedingly mobile.
 The paramount redeeming
 features of this series is the



excellence of this girl's bottom; I can only describe its shape and quality as superb.

What magnificent swelling curves! Rarely have I seen buttocks more perfectly formed to receive chastisement. They swell, they thrust, they positively invite. The tightly pulled frilly white knickers only add to their enchantment.

What a fortunate man to be able



to make such a sumptuous rear end writhe with pain. To crack his cane down again and again. Until she is truly contrite for her misdeeds.

In so many ways (apart from location) they are admirable. I have adulated about the girl's bottom but her expressions are also worthy of comment. Her distress before her punishment, her torment during it. Excellently portrayed.





I like the black stockings and suspender belt very much. The saucy white knickers could scarcely be bettered.

Next time, can we have her bent very tautly over the end of a solid table, with her bottom quite bare? It certainly deserves further exposure and, I am sure, further treatment! Can't you do it a little better in that direction next time?



INTEREST

It was humidly warm under the green canvas which covered the punt. Dank river water lap-lapped against its side. Gillian had very little on - which was understandable under the circumstances. Those being the heat; and Gerald.

He — Gerald, that is — didn't mind one little bit that his young cousin wore only a Bikini. For a 16-year-old she filled it better than many a woman ten years older. His own age, as it happened. 'Your Ma would be absolutely livid if she knew about this.'

'I expect she would,' sighed Gillian, wriggling herself closer. 'But she isn't going to, is she?'

'Not too sure about that, cousin dear. Playing truant. Then leading me astray so as to get yourself out of the hairy hands of bookmakers.'

'Playing truant! God, Gerald, don't talk like something out of St. Winifred's!'

'OK...OK... but she wouldn't like to know you were owing the book four grand, would she?'

'Five, actually,' said Gillian plaintively. 'I had another go to try and get myself out of trouble...'

'Bloody little fool! She'd cut you off if she knew...'

'I know...I know...that's what's so awful. You are going to help me out of it, aren't you Gerald?'

'I'm thinking about it...that's a lot of loot, you know. And I've lost quite a bit at Lloyds lately.'

'God...I'm sorry to hear that. Anyway, it'd only be a loan, you know that. I get my money when I'm eighteen.'

'If you haven't mortgaged it all before then.'

With a kind of casual innocence, Gillian pulled the cord that held her Bikini top. Two white half-melons joggled out, the aureoles a pale brown, the nipples a darker brown. 'You've never seen my tits before, have you Gerald?' She smiled Winsomely and Gerald gaped.

'Not...since you didn't sort of have them...like this...I mean...' He had highly coloured boozers' cheeks which were rapidly getting more highly coloured.

'I've always thought of you more as...well...a friend. Not so much a cousin. We don't seem related.

Would you like to kiss my tits, Gerald? Feel them?'

'You're a wicked little bitch!' Gerald sat up, trying to look more than 26 — and stern. 'Do you think you can get me to part with five Grand just by letting me fondle your bosom?'

'Only a loan...' sighed Gillian. She was beginning to get a bit desperate. Gerald had never been particularly on the 'hot pants' scene. An awful thought struck her. Could he possibly be gay?

'Anyway, that's not my scene...'

'Well, what is then?'

Gerald looked horribly embarrassed for a moment. 'Your... bottom...' he replied.

Gillian's worst suspicions were at once confirmed. Oh God...he wants to... to do that to me! How awful. No, she wouldn't be able to bear that, not even for the loan of five Grand. 'I...I didn't know you liked it that way,' she said.

'You don't think I'm gay, do you, you little idiot?' Gerald looked most indignant. 'It's just that I want to smack it! And, my God you thoroughly deserve it, Gillian!'

'Smack it...' murmured the topless girl. She looked enormously relieved. 'is that all. I thought you meant...'

'I shall spank you hard,' announced Gerald, suddenly getting all authoritative. He owed it to the family, didn't he?

'And, if I let you, you'll get me off the hook?'

'It'll only be a loan...'

'Alright, that's a deal.' In the twinkling of an eye, the lower part of Gillian's Bikini came away. There was a black bush a-top milk white thighs. Like most girls of her class and age, she showed no signs of embarrassment at her nudity. It was something natural; Victorian fuddy-duddyism had long gone. 'Where do you want me...over your lap?'

The young man put a conspiratorial finger to his lips, then he drew aside a section of the green canopy. The punt was moored in a backwater but it was best to be careful. Gerald satisfied himself there was not a soul nearby, on the bank or on the river. 'Kneel on that cushion,' he said, 'and bend over the seat back. Right

over it...head on the deck.'

'W-wicked...' whispered Gillian. She was beginning to look a shade apprehensive. Still, it would be worth it. What was a spanking? She just hoped cousin Gerald would keep his word. She reckoned he would. He was a gent., after all.

How often before Gerald had wanted this! A bottom he could smack good and hard...and get away with it. Hitherto, all he had achieved was a few playful slaps on a girlfriend's bum. Not what he had in mind. 'Do you want to be gagged?' he asked. 'I'm really going to wallop you.'

Gillian suddenly felt more frightened than apprehensive. Still, she comforted herself, it was all 'family'. 'I...I'll try without,' she said.

Positioning himself conveniently in that gently rocking punt, Gerald began to smack one of the softest, creamiest bottoms he had ever set eyes upon. It was a marvellous sensation to feel his hand slapping into the delicate flesh...have it rebound...the lushness all pinkly a-quiver...then to slap again. And again...and again...and again.

Gillian was brave — as befitted a Featherstone. She took the first dozen or so slaps with no more than gasps...and then the next dozen produced little more than whimpering cries. Oh God, how long was he going on? Her bottom was already so hot she could have been standing close to a blazing coal-fire.

'Oh...aahh...oooh Gerald h-how long is...is this g-going on for?'

Gerald had the appearance of a man inspired. Of one who had just finished an undoubted masterpiece or been paid an unexpected 50% Dividend.

'How long, Gillie?' he asked, panting a little. 'I'm not quite sure.' His hand went on slapping and slapping on the dancing young flesh...pink and red...left and right...up and down. 'Let's say...yes...let's say, Gillie, that, right now, you've got about a Grand coming your way.'

Gillian squealed despairingly, head still down on the floorboards.

There was still another four Grand to go...

THE SUPPLEMENT £5



The Supplement Eleven

The Crammer.
Sent to Bed.
Spanking initiation.



Whispers Three

Maid to measure.
Caned in the 'Inner
Circle'. Fund Raising
Activities.



Whispers Four

Hard Times.
Hard Lines.
Hard Chimes.

WHISPERS £5



Uniform Girls Seven

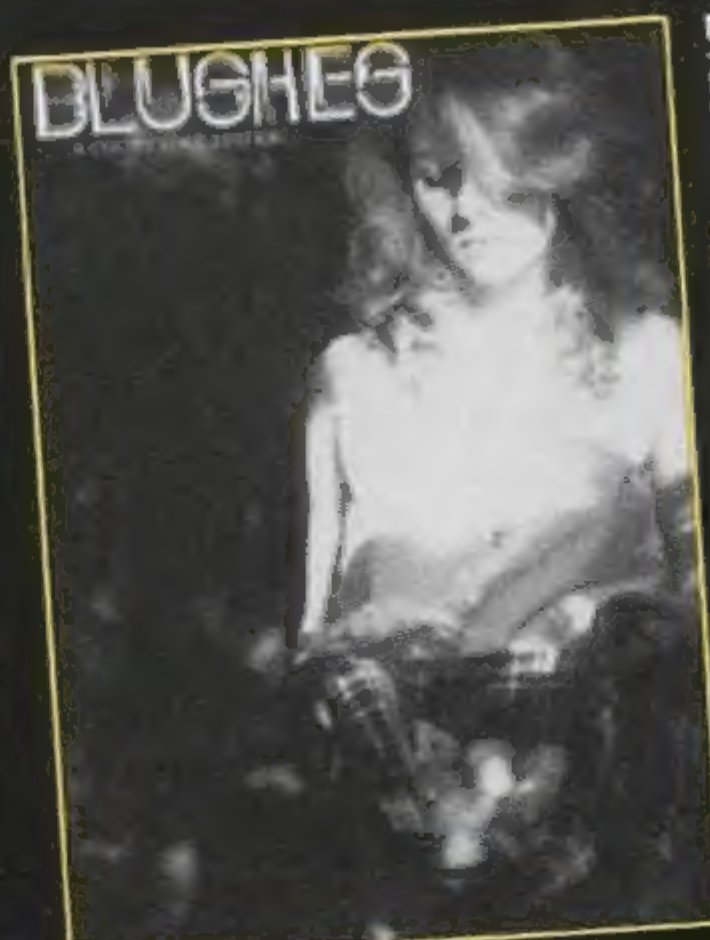
Scottish lass in
trouble with music
teacher. Ballet
students' lessons.



Uniform Girls Eight

Convent Novice in
trouble. Maid's
punishment. Sport's
and shorts.

UNIFORM GIRLS £5



Blushes Fifteen

The cane and the
teenage bum. School
boiler room caning.
Seduced!!



Blushes Sixteen

Reluctant schoolgirl
exhibitionist.
Sent upstairs!
Bedroom caning.

BLUSHES £6



Blushes Seventeen

Punishment room
humiliation. Youthful
schoolmistress
thrashed.



Blushes Fourteen

Humiliation and caned
bottoms at school.
Waiting and getting it.
The spanked secretary.

BLUSHES £6

